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THE DICKENSIAN

EDITED BY LESLIE C. STAPLES

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE FOR DICKENS LOVERS

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ILLUSTRATED

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THE PRESIDENT'S COMPETITION

Please Note :—

The last date for the receipt of entries is December 31st, 1946

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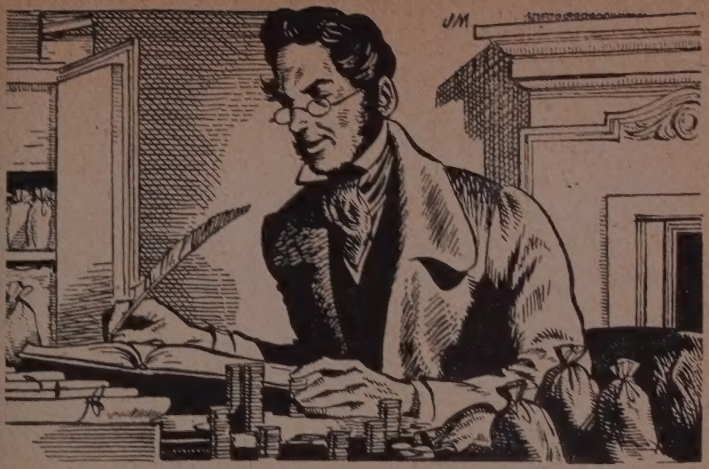


THE LONDON BANKER

The squeaking of a quill pen . . . spluttering radiance of the newly-invented gas-light . . . the soft, heavy clink of gold coinage . . . from outside, the clatter of hooves on a cobbled street . . . *an office of the London and Westminster Bank in the 1830's.*

THE TEMPO of business was slower, in an age which knew neither telephones nor typewriters—when the invitation to enjoy the 'hospitality of the Manager' was the normal conclusion to a successful transaction. These early days in the Bank's history now seem incredibly remote. Yet throughout the intervening years, which brought greater changes than did those of any previous century, the policy of the Westminster Bank has marched with the times; it aims to provide a complete banking service, based on the highest traditions of integrity and fair dealing.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

Christmas Eve at Mrs. Wardle's

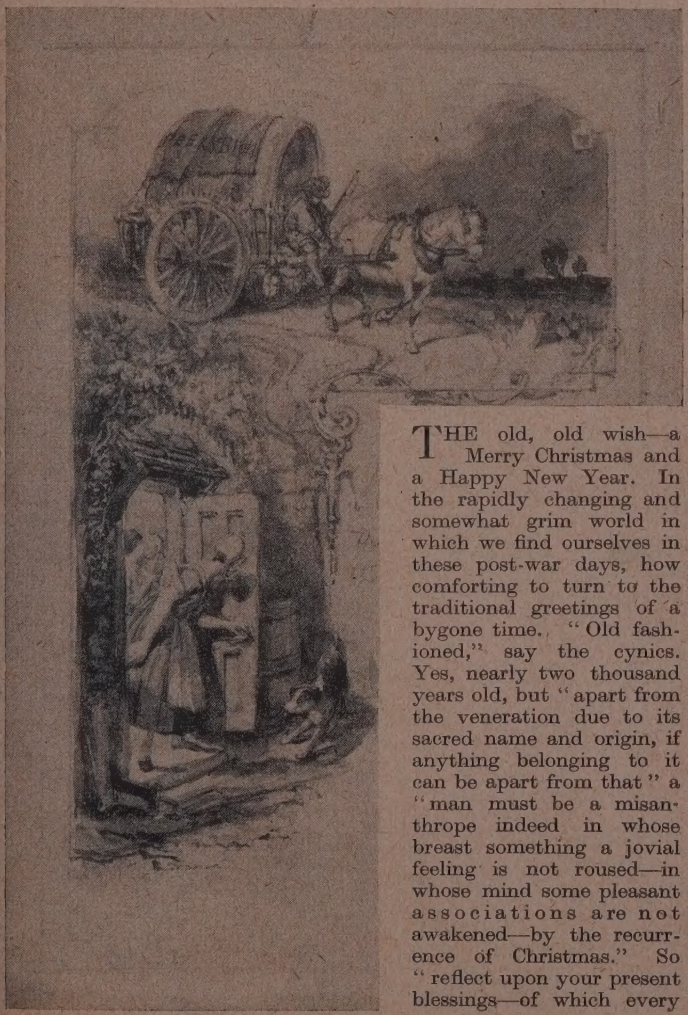
by Phiz.

THE DICKENSIAN

WINTER NUMBER

VOL. XLIII. 1ST DECEMBER, 1946 No. 281

WHEN FOUND—



THE old, old wish—a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. In the rapidly changing and somewhat grim world in which we find ourselves in these post-war days, how comforting to turn to the traditional greetings of a bygone time. "Old fashioned," say the cynics. Yes, nearly two thousand years old, but "apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that" a "man must be a misanthrope indeed in whose breast something a jovial feeling is not roused—in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened—by the recurrence of Christmas." So "reflect upon your present blessings—of which every

The above is a reproduction of Clarkson Stanfield's original design for *The Cricket on the Hearth*, now in the possession of Count de Suzannet.

man has many—not on your past misfortunes of which every man has some. Fill your glass again with a merry face and a contented heart. Our life on it but your Christmas shall be merry and your new year a happy one."

* * * * *

The Dickens House Endowment Fund.

This fund, which we have set up in memory of Walter Dexter, is gradually widening in scope. Many of the branches are holding functions in aid of it this winter. Full details are not yet available, but if there are any branches which have not devoted some part of their programme to this their own cause, will they consider doing so without delay ? We hope that the appeal will be extended to the public before long and surely they would not like to think that they themselves had not participated in this most laudable effort. News has just reached us that the newly-revived Birmingham Branch has set itself "a target" of £100 for the fund. That is wonderful. If what is virtually a fledgling branch can set out to raise such a sum, surely many another branch can do the same. It will be seen on another page that the total is now nearly £1,000, a final leap to that figure being made possible by a further donation of £100 by that greatest of friends of The Dickens House, the Count de Suzannet. That Dickens should receive such practical homage from a Frenchman, and no reader of *The Dickensian* will need reminding that this is by no manner of means the first instance of the Count's munificence, is surely rich in encouragement for the novelist's own countrymen. If every Dickens lover contributed according to his means the fund would quickly be complete, but we have yet a long way to travel. Anything less than £10,000 would produce so little as to be scarcely worth while. Will you not tell all your friends who love Dickens that the great national monument to their favourite author is entirely without endowment and ask them to send us their shillings or their pounds ?

* * * * *

A Royal Film Première to aid us.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent has consented to attend the première of the Cineguild production of *Great Expectations* at the Gaumont Cinema, Haymarket, on Monday, December 16th next. We are delighted to announce that the proceeds are to be divided between the Amalgamated Children's Hospitals (Victoria and Belgrave) and the Endowment Fund of The Dickens House. This film will undoubtedly be a notable example of British film art, and we do not doubt that a large number of members of the Dickens Fellowship will wish to attend this historic première. Seats are priced from ten shillings and sixpence to ten guineas. The Fellowship's own dramatic production of *A Christmas Carol* has been brought forward to December 13th in consequence.

* * * * *

A Swiss Centenary.

Just one hundred years ago, Dickens spent the summer at Lausanne on the shores of Lake Geneva and as the present writer was entertained in that delightful city in September by the Count de Suzannet, he took the opportunity of seeing what remains of the memorials of Dickens's sojourn. Rosemont, the house in which the novelist stayed, has, alas, made way for a huge block of modern flats of somewhat modern and forbidding aspect but rejoicing in the name of Le Grand Rosemont. But close at hand is the Avenue Dickens, possibly the only thoroughfare on the Continent named after the author. The name-plate bears a few words explaining the reason for thé name, a practice which might be extended to this country with much advantage. The Hotel Gibbon, where Dickens

put up on his arrival, stood on the Place St. François, but has long since disappeared. L'Elysée, the house he thought of taking but found too big, remains, though much altered. Here later he was the guest of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson. Another house he knew but which has also been altered, is La Fantasie, then the charming home of M. de Cerjat, another great friend. But the best remaining memorial of that happy summer at Lausanne is Denantou, a picture of which is reproduced here. This was the home of William Haldimand, who gave his name to Dickens's fifth son, Sydney (born April 18th, 1847), and who frequently entertained the novelist within its walls. Here, Dickens met Henry Hallam, the Brookfields and many others. This beautiful house is now the residence of M. Eduoard Sandoz, the distinguished artist and sculptor, who has thoroughly restored it until it now bears the aspect it bore in Haldimand's day. A large garden has

Photo by] [*L.C.S.*

Denantou, Lausanne, the home of Wm. Haldimand.

been retained, although the park, which runs right down to the lake, has been presented by M. Sandoz to the city of Lausanne for the use of the public. We were fortunate indeed, to be introduced by the Count de Suzannet to M. and Mme. Sandoz, who kindly showed us through the salons of their delightful home where Dickens was entertained just a hundred years ago.

* * * * *

Dickens and Bentley again.

An important article on this subject was contributed to the *Times Literary Supplement* on October 12th by David A. Randall, who has presumably had access to a series of some hundred unpublished letters of the novelist to his publisher, and the inference is that they will, at some future date, be made available to the public. Judgment will best be suspended until that happens, although it is interesting to note that Mr. Randall holds the view that Dickens was somewhat to blame in the matter, being the victim of an implacable dislike for Bentley, the cause of which is not revealed in the letters.

* * * * *

The "Carol" in the Far North.

Miss Mabel Edwards, of the Montreal Branch, sends us the following interesting cutting from *The Atlantic Guardian* (Newfoundland): In an Eskimo settlement far up on the Labrador Coast, Christmas, for Moravian Missionary George Harp, was what he made it. Each year a Hudson Bay supply vessel would bring turkey and toys and candy in September before the ice-pack locked out the world. Christmas Eve he and his wife would have a tree for their little daughter and exchange presents, and in the night Rev. Harp would read *A Christmas Carol* for them. One Christmas Eve a young Eskimo girl came in to visit. Though she understood only a few words of English, she sat on the fringe of the lamp-light with her dark eyes fixed on the minister, fascinated by his portrayal of Scrooge and Marley and Bob Cratchit. After the *Carol* she shyly asked Harp if he would write out that lovely story for her people. He would, gladly, but the trouble was that her people didn't understand English enough to read it. Then the obvious idea struck Harp. Why not give them *A Christmas Carol* in their own language? Harp went to work with dictionaries of the Eskimo language which had been laboriously compiled by other Missionaries through the years. It took him a whole year and by the next Christmas he had it finished—a neatly mimeographed edition of Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, the world's first in Eskimo language. It was distributed all over the settlement and Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim and Scrooge entered the small circle of story-book men who give Eskimos an occasional glimpse into another world.

* * * * *

A Canadian View.

The Autumn (1945) number of the Queen's Quarterly, Kingston, Ont., which has just reached us, contains an article, "Dickens Now," by George Herbert Clarke. It gives a familiar modern view of Dickens, but concludes "when the clairvoyant artist emerges in Dickens—and he can suddenly and surprisingly emerge—he silences the showman and speaks like a seer to and for the humanity that makes all men one."

* * * * *

Wells.

Since our last issue, the death has been reported of Mr. H. G. Wells and his name is henceforth added to those whose genius entitles them to a place in the scroll of honoured English novelists, for it is as a novelist that this voluminous writer's fame will live. His late works deal with controversial matters of contemporary and, it may be, passing interest, but his earlier romances with their tinge of science, his pictures of middle-class life, and his light-hearted comedies, will probably be read for their brilliance and enjoyed for many years. Like Dickens, Wells wrote best of the things he knew best, and, like Dickens, he had a burning desire to leave the world a better place than he found it. He became a Vice-President of the Dickens Fellowship in 1920.

* * * * *

Televised Dickens.

The televised version by the B.B.C. of the trial of Bardell *v.* Pickwick presented on September 25th was an interesting experiment. The narrative was perforce shortened and the picture on the screen too contracted as the Court could not be seen as a whole; only half the jury was visible and the constant shifting of the camera from one speaker to another was disturbing. Pickwick was good and Buzfuz gave a really good performance, but Mrs. Bardell did not realize Dickens's conception and looked too much like a second-rate lodging-house keeper; Winkle was not well cast and was not nervous enough to be effective. The judge redeemed the whole performance; he was excellent in appearance, dignified, sufficiently irascible, very convincing and natural—one of the best

judges we have seen in the part. May we hope that this presentation is a foretaste of other short scenes from Dickens ?

* * * * *

More Radio Dickens. A most interesting series of "Dickens's Characters" is in course of being broadcast by the B.B.C. by our old friend, Mr. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley, who acts as commentator. A beginning was made with Mr. and Mrs. Micawber on Sunday, October 13th. It is an excellent plan to present radio portraits of the characters rather than scenes from the books. We eagerly anticipate further examples. We understand that early in the new year Mr. Clinton-Baddeley's adaptation of *A Tale of Two Cities* will be serialized on Sunday evenings and that he himself will play Sydney Carton. It will, indeed, be surprising if this does not rank very high among the broadcast Dickens serials.

* * * * *

A New Version of *Dombey*. Yet another dramatic adaptation of *Dombey and Son* appeared at the Century Theatre on October 7th. Rosa de Leon was responsible for this one which ran at the little theatre for a week. Rather a great deal of the novel was crammed into a short play and it is possible that playgoers unfamiliar with the novel were sometimes mystified and as is common in such experiments, and there was but scant opportunity to develop character. Of the long cast the most outstanding was Frederick Ross, whose Cuttle was wholly delightful. The mind was inevitably carried back to far-off days in 1914 when Mr. Ross played Ham just as delightfully, in Tree's production of *David Copperfield*. It was a very real pleasure to see him again and to see him still playing as well as ever.

* * * * *

Dehydrated Dickens. It is not very easy to understand why Mr. Michael Harrison, having expressed the opinion that *Great Expectations* is "the finest novel of Dickens," proceeds to truncate the book to a fraction of its length. If anyone desires to see the result, it may be purchased for one shilling (Douglas Cliff), but one wonders why they should.

* * * * *

A "Life" in Finnish. Dr. Irma Rantavaara, whose *Dickens in the Light of English Criticism*, was recently noticed in our pages, has just published a life of Dickens in her native Finnish. Attractively produced by Kustannusosakeyhtiö Otavo, Helsinki, it is well printed and illustrated. We hope to be able to publish a review at a later date. We had the pleasure of greeting Dr. Rantavaara again when she paid another short visit to this country in the summer. Dickensians will wish her all good fortune in presenting Dickens to her countrymen.

* * * * *

And in Sweden Dickens is also enjoying publicity in Sweden. The *Skanska Aftonbladet*, published in Malmo, on July 27th contained an article which runs into four columns, on the novelist and the re-opening of The Dickens House by Erik Hagberg.

* * * * *

Congratulations. The engagement is announced of Lieut. G. E. C. Dickens, R.N., to Miss Audrey Pamela Simms. Lt. Dickens, whose gallant exploits in the recent war will be readily remembered by readers, is the son of Admiral Sir Gerald Chas. Dickens, a brother of our President.

* * * * *

Quilp of the Ephesians. Eighteen years ago—how time passes, it seems longer—Ephesian (Bechhofer Roberts) produced a book called *This Side Idolatory*. Now he publishes a reprint apparently for the opportunity of writing a Foreword of six pages consisting of an attack on the Dickens Fellowship—a new target for him—so violent that it reminds one of the amiable Mr. Quilp's assault on the figure-head. It seems that the Fellowship has been worshipping a plaster saint—a most original epithet; plastics was available—and has sought to conceal the truth about Dickens's private life. He also deals rather late in the day with reviewers of his book eighteen years ago. Then he waxes magnanimous and says, "The storm has passed now, and so I gather has the Cult." We imagine the evidence for the last phrase is the substantial increase in our membership during the past year. As people grow older, and wiser, they usually get mellower, and we trust that Ephesian will do so and that his fire and his still rather bitter invective will gradually subside. That this book has not long since been forgotten or at most assigned to the *curiosa* section of the specialist's library, is solely due to the insatiable appetite of readers of sensational fiction. The new reprint is called the Leith Hill edition; is this what Sergeant Buzfuz would call a "cover for hidden fire?" Is lethal intended?

* * * * *

Oh Demmit. The film censors of the United States have decided that this shocking language which Dickens put into the abandoned mouth of Alfred Mantalini is not fit for American cinema-patrons to listen to. When the new film version of *Nicholas Nickleby* is shown there the dreadful words will be deleted. There will also be other differences from the English version, which have been required by the same august body.

* * * * *

Mamie. In the Nonesuch *The Letters of Charles Dickens* Walter Dexter gives Dickens's eldest daughter the names Mary Angela. The authority is not given. Mamie was born on March 6th, 1838, but her birth was not registered at Somerset House and she was not christened until January, 1839. There is some doubt about the actual date. Quin and Talfourd were invited to join in the festivities on the 7th. According to the baptismal register at St. Pancras Church the ceremony took place on the 5th. There her name is given as Mary only; the family bible in the possession of Mr. Henry Charles Dickens only mentions the name Mary and this would appear to be conclusive. It is, of course, well known that Charles Dickens the Younger, married in 1861, had a daughter, Mary Angela Dickens, the novelist, who is still with us. Hence probably the confusion. Mamie Dickens was Mary.

* * * * *

A New Era Opens. On October 10th the Dickens Fellowship opened its first full-scale season since the war. The lovely Old Hall of Lincoln's Inn was the ideal setting, the scene of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, and the opening lecture was delivered by Mr. R. J. Cruikshank of *The Daily News* and the author of the recent highly successful *The Roaring Century*, reviewed on another page, on "Dickens as a Journalist." For well over an hour the lecturer held his audience enthralled by a delightful and comprehensive presentation of this fascinating subject, illustrated by numerous admirably chosen quotations. Under the chairmanship of the President, Mr. Henry C. Dickens, the large audience thoroughly enjoyed themselves and the season was launched under the happiest auspices.

LESLIE C. STAPLES.

THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS

By J. H. McNULTY

IT was Christmas Eve, and fog had descended on the city, dense and yellow like that thick satisfying substance, pea-soup, which we used to know, not the thin watery substitute sometimes offered to us to-day. "Yellow" is not quite the right word to describe fog, "golden" is a far more appropriate epithet, suggesting as it does the riches and prosperity of the great metropolis and the beauty of fog. To many the visitation caused nothing but annoyance and ill-temper, to others, who remembered their youth and the pleasure a fog then brought them, the visit was not entirely unwelcome.

The City was unusually busy in preparation for the holidays, but many found it possible to snatch a few moments to greet each other with good wishes, and partake of the cup which cheers and also inebriates, though in view of the weakness of the liquor the latter effect was unlikely.

Among the crowd that had assembled in the bar of the "Three Crowns" for this purpose were two men of very different opinions. It was their annual custom, a fixed rule they would not break. It was, indeed, the one thing on which they agreed, on other matters they differed widely. Oswald Stager, the elder of the two, was somewhat conservative in his habits and tastes, though with him the word had no political significance. He had a certain love of the past, of old things, old books and old wines, but he was no bigot and accepted and welcomed modern improvements when, but not before, he had satisfied himself that they were improvements. The other man, Luke Forwood, was a strong believer in what is called "Progress." "I wonder," he was saying, "how long Christmas festivities will continue. Like everything else, they will pass away in time."

"I think not," said Stager, "Christmas will remain whatever else may go, of that I feel certain."

"The old ways of keeping Christmas have already passed away," retorted Forwood. "The hearty eating and drinking have disappeared. Punch, which was a favourite drink of our grandfathers, is now almost as rare as Mead, and who decorates his house at Christmas with holly and mistletoe?"

"I do," interposed Stager, but the other continued: "The old-fashioned Dickens Christmas has gone forever, or is rapidly dying. It is a good thing, we must have change; change means variety and variety is the spice of life."

"No doubt," said Stager, "but too much spice is as bad as too little; just remember what Lowell said in the *Biglow Papers*:

> "Change just for change is like those rich hotels,
> Where they shift plates and let you live on smells."

"No," said Forwood, "I believe in change, it means progress, improvement, life. A hundred years hence, all will be different, immense improvements will have taken place, even now the rate of progress is increasing. I look forward to many changes in my lifetime, and if I could choose I would like to live in the twenty-first century or even later."

"Well, as we cannot agree," said Stager, "let us wish each other the old, old wish which is ever new, 'A Happy and a Merry Christmas'"—and so they parted.

* * * * * *

The first thing that struck him was the silence, he was in the middle of a great city, and streams of traffic were rapidly moving in various directions but all silently ; and the next was the air of sameness and monotony, for the very lofty buildings were nearly all exactly alike. He felt sure he was in London, but could discover nothing to prove it. It was all strange ; he wandered about for some time and at last reached a place where many streets met ; this must be, he thought, the centre of the City, the Mansion House should be over there, the Royal Exchange opposite, but he could not recognise them. Looking at the names of the streets he noticed the name " Threadneedle," and " Cornhill," that settled it ; but how changed it all was ! He crossed by the subways and looked for Queen Victoria Street, but the name was changed. It had lost its " Queen " and Victoria had become Victory, he returned and found Princes Street had become President, and Street had been altered into a word he could not understand. What did it all mean ? He stood in bewilderment and caught the conversation of some loiterers. He could not understand a word. It was not English, nor any language of which he had any knowledge. He felt sure he was in London, but how could this be the City he knew so well—after a few minutes, it seemed longer, a stranger approached him.

" Can I help you ? " he said, " I am an Official Guide and my work is to help visitors to our great city."

" I shall be greatly obliged," answered Stager, " I have lived most of my life in the city, but have not been here for some time and everything is changed. I cannot even understand what people are saying."

" Yes, I see," said the guide, " you must have many questions to ask. We will take a drive through the city and then call at one of our Reception Houses for lunch, and I will answer the questions which you must be wishing to ask. We are proud of the improvements we have made and I think you will like them, too."

They approached a stand of stationary vehicles and the guide spoke to the driver of one of them, in that strange tongue which had puzzled Stager a short time before, and they started on their journey.

" Now," said the guide, " ask about anything that puzzles you."

" First of all," said Stager, " what did you say to the driver just now ? What language did you use ? What are the people saying ? Why don't they speak their native language ? "

" They are speaking their native language," said the guide, " it is almost a century now since Universo was adopted as the language of the country and English abolished. The last person to speak English as his native tongue died in '98, fifty years ago. All the progressive nations followed. It is only a few backward peoples that still retain their original speech."

" Which do you call the backward nations where they still speak their own language ? " asked Stager. " Oh, Southern Ireland and a few small and insignificant states on the continent."

" But surely," said Stager in amazement, " the Irish used to learn Gaelic and hoped it would supersede English."

" English is not now spoken in England," replied the guide, " so they have no objection to it. Indeed, paradoxical as it may seem, Southern Ireland is the only place in the British Commonwealth of Nations where Classical English is spoken. The North, which is progressive, of course, speaks Universo like the rest of the world. Students sometimes spend their holidays in Southern Ireland to practice their English."

" Did the English people willingly give up their language ? " he asked.

" Oh, they soon saw the advantage of the new language," said the

guide, "you can travel almost anywhere to-day and understand all that is being said, and be understood by everybody as easily as at home. This is a great boon to the English, who have always been so backward in learning foreign languages."

"Does no one understand English in England?" asked Stager.

"Oh, yes," said the guide. "English is studied at the Universities and a certain number of books are printed in it for the students and professors."

"Could I buy an English book?" he asked.

"Not unless you were a registered student at a University, or had a special licence, but they are very difficult to get."

"Have all the great English books been translated into Universo?" he then asked.

"Yes, all which do not contain subversive matter, such as Shakespeare and Dickens and a few others."

"This is awful," cried Stager, astounded at this strange news, "why ever are these books banned?"

"The Ministry of Literature considered that Shakespeare's praise of Kings is unfit reading for people in a free Republic. And Dickens as you know, is always satirising officials. Such satire in a well-organised state like ours, where there are some millions of officials, is subversive. An effort was made to translate these books into Universo, but even without the objectionable parts the books had no propaganda value, so the attempt was given up."

"This is horrible," cried Stager. "We always used to read Dickens's *Christmas Carol* to-night. This is Christmas Eve, isn't it?"

"It used to be so called," said the guide, "but is named differently now. We have four public holidays in the year, one in each season, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. We call them V1, V2, V3, and V4. V stands for Victory; the word is nearly the same in many languages, so it was retained. It symbolises the victory of order over disorder, of reason over unreason, of cosmos over chaos, a victory that is visible throughout the whole of our organised Society."

They had now arrived at a Reception House. They entered and the guide ordered a meal. With the first course there were by the side of each plate some little tablets, they puzzled Stager and he asked what they were.

"They contain," said the guide, "concentrated vitamins and calories."

"What are they for?" he asked.

"So that every one may have a sufficiency of healthy food. You need not eat them, they are for the manual workers. They are only a matter of form for us and people in our position."

The meal was good and palatable. After dinner they discussed Politics, and he was told that there were free elections, and that the electors had a choice of candidates, but each candidate had to hold a government certificate to show that he or she supported the government.

"Are there any opposition candidates?" he asked.

"There is no opposition," said the guide. "Here all are for the State and the State for all."

"Did I understand you to say," asked Stager, who had grown more and more uneasy during the conversation, "that one cannot to-day read Dickens or Shakespeare?"

"That is so," said the guide.

"And that Christmas has been abolished, and that to-day is Christmas Eve?" he continued.

"Yes, Christmas is entirely forgotten and to-day used to be Christmas Eve, yes, that is so," replied the guide.

"Then," said Stager, "I know who you are. You are the Last of the Spirits, the ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, that never did come. He was a bedpost and you are no better. Go, as he went," and he thrust his fist at the smiling, self-satisfied face before him. His hand met nothing, but the vigorous action and the jerk to his body awoke him, and he found himself in the train on his homeward journey.

* * * * *

"What a horrible dream," he cried, and then he recalled the words: "Are these the shadows of things that will be or the shadows of things that may be only?"

He alighted, the fog had disappeared and snow had fallen, lightening the darkness of the winter night. As he walked home, he heard the bells ringing. Here was the link between the Past and the Future. For centuries they had rung, they were ringing to-night and they would continue to ring in the years to come.

He reached his home and there on the bookshelf were his books. *The Chimes*, he just listened to them; *The Haunted Man*, and he, too, was a "Haunted Man," haunted by happy Christmas Memories; there was *A Christmas Carol*, a great Englishman's version of the eternal carol sung by the angels nearly two thousand years ago; there, too, the Tales and Stories blessed with the name of Christmas. He looked out and saw that the moon was rising, turning the snow to silver, a silver eve prelude to a golden day; the night was very still and very beautiful, and some lines he had recently read came to his mind:

"The winter's day draws to an early close,
A dusky twilight lingers in the air,
Caught from white fields of beauty everywhere,
And in the west one faint flush of rose.
The earth seems watching in a hush'd repose.
In spotless raiment innocent and fair,
As for some great event she would prepare,
She wears the tender beauty of the snows.

All calm and still, day deepens into night,
The moon is rising with her starry throng,
And fills the resting sea with dim delight,
The winds are sleeping, too, the trees among,
And earth and sky are filled with silver light,
In silence waiting for the angels' song.

THE BOLD TURPIN

THE wild and beautiful legend sung by Sam Weller in Chapter XIV of the *Pickwick Papers* is so familiar that readers of *The Dickensian* may like to have the original poem upon which Sam's ballad was founded. It was discovered by F. G. Kitton in a book called "Gaieties and Gravities, by one of the authors of *Rejected Addresses*," 3 vols., 1825. This discovery Kitton communicated to the "Athenæum" in 1903.

The "Rejected Addresses" was written by two brothers, Horace and James Smith, and the British Museum Catalogue identifies the author of "Gaieties and Gravities" as Horace. The song appears in a tale called "Harry Halter the Highwayman," and bears the title:—

TURPIN AND THE BISHOP

Bold Turpin upon Hounslow Heath
His black mare Bess bestrode,
When he saw a Bishop's coach and four
Sweeping along the road;
He bade the coachman stop, but he,
Suspecting of the job,
His horses lash'd—but soon roll'd off
With a brace of slugs in his nob.

Galloping to the carriage-door
He thrust his face within,
When the Chaplain said—"Sure as eggs is eggs
That is the bold Turpin."
Quoth Turpin—"You shall eat your words
With sauce of leaden bullet;"
So clapp'd his pistol to his mouth,
And fired it down his gullet.

The Bishop fell upon his knees,
When Turpin bade him stand,
And gave him his watch, a bag of gold,
And six bright rings from his hand.
Rolling with laughter, Turpin pluck'd
The Bishop's wig from his head,
And popp'd it on the Chaplain's poll
As he sate in the corner dead.

Upon the box he tied him then
With the reins behind his back,
Put a pipe in his mouth, the whip in his hand,
And set off the horses smack!
Then whisper'd in his black mare's ear,
Who luckily wasn't fagg'd:
"You must gallop fast and far, my dear,
Or I shall be surely scragg'd."

He never drew bit, nor stopp'd to bait,
Nor walk'd up hill or down
Until he came to Gloucester's gate,
Which is the Assizes Town.
Full eighty miles in one dark night
He made his black mare fly,
And walk'd into Court at nine o'clock
To swear an Alibi.

A hue and cry the Bishop raised,
And so did Sheriff Foster,
But stared to hear that Turpin was
By nine o'clock at Gloucester.
So all agreed it couldn't be him,
Neither by hook nor crook,
And said that the Bishop and Chaplain was
Most certainly mistook.

"Gaieties and Gravities" contained a collection of tales, sketches and poems that Horace Smith had already contributed from time to time to magazines and periodicals such as the "Monthly Mirror," etc. Readers of the *Pickwick Papers*, written about ten years later, would probably recognise Dickens's version, apparently written from memory, of the first two verses; he says he "takes the liberty of quoting." As years went by this connexion seems to have been forgotten and late in the nineteenth century Dickens was credited with the authorship of Sam's ballad by Percy Fitzgerald, Thomas Seccombe and others.

d'A. P. Yarre.

NODDY BOFFIN'S MISERS

By G. F. YOUNG

THE interesting note on "Blewbury Jones" in a recent number of *The Dickensian*, served as a reminder that Noddy Boffin not only led Silas Wegg up the garden path, but many others as well. Wegg reads out a long list of names, but on Noddy's instructions proceeds to tell us something only of those misers who had a mania for hiding their treasures in out-of the-way places. But what of the others? "Jemmy" Taylor, of Southwark, for instance.

According to Concanen and Morgan ("History and Antiquities of St. Saviour, Southwark, 1795"), Jemmy lived in a very small and meanly-furnished house in Queen Street, long since swept away in the making of the eastern end of the present Union Street. Like the rest of his tribe he went to bed by daylight to save the expense of coal and candles; was very poorly clad and "lived on such scraps as are purchased by those whom necessity compels to live on the refuse of others." The Chronicle continues: "In fact, so little did his public character deserve respect, that we hope for the honour of human nature, he had private virtues which were too secret for discovery by any mortal faculty." Jemmy amassed a fortune of £100,000, and died in March, 1792. He was buried on the south side of his parish church, "the church of old Gower's tomb," so well known to Dickens. Opposite to old Taylor lived a carpenter and undertaker, a whimsical wag, attentive enough however to the point of business. We are not told his name, but we think it must have been Mould. He it was who conducted the funeral honours. "A more tumultuous funeral was perhaps never known, and probably it will not gain credit in future times, that a congregation so immense, and a procession so grave and costly, produced not a single tear. The following lines made their appearance about an hour after the funeral:

ON SEEING MR. TAYLOR'S FUNERAL.

Why he who living grudged his daily bread,
So deck with costly ornaments now dead?
Who locked his pelf from every hungry child
To lavish it when dead on hungry . . .

Or why with velvet clothe a meagre elf
Who living, had no heart to clothe himself?
Thus fools grasp wealth, and when within their grave,
'Tis squandered, and they're laughed at by a KNAVE."

Then there was John Overs, who according to our old friend Stow, made a huge fortune by running a ferry business between Southwark and the City "before any bridge was builded." But what a miserable old crow he was. Forever thinking out schemes to save his pocket, he at last hit upon the comforting idea that if he feigned death his family and servants would fast in their grief. Instead of fasting, however, they feasted. "They first began to skip and dance about the corpse; then one ran out into the kitchen and brought out the brown loaf; a second fetched out the Essex cheese; and a third drew a black jack of the Four-Shilling Beer, and so began to eat and drink by no Allowance, filling their hungry bodies, which before had been a long time miserably pinched, and much weakened by the want of sufficient nourishment."

The sound of revelry reaching his ears, the old miser sprang from

his bier and plunged downstairs in his winding sheet "like a ghost with a candle in each hand, when one of them, thinking he was seeing a ghost of the Evil One, caught hold of a boat oar, and being a sturdy knave, with one blow, dashed out the old man's brains."

Stone coffin lid at St. Saviour's, Southwark, traditionally stated to represent John Overs.

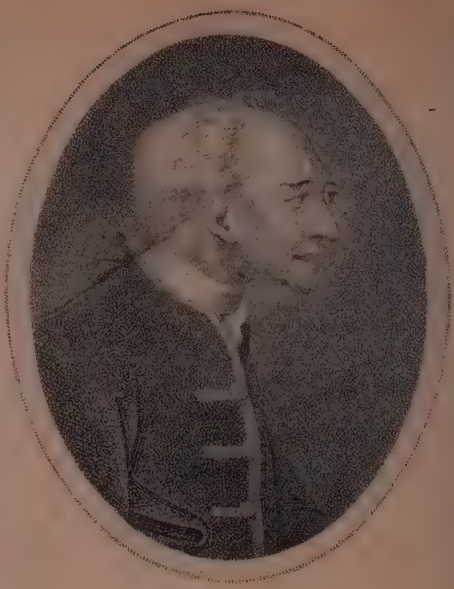
Now his daughter Mary (believe it or not) "who was of beautiful aspect and pious disposition," had a lover, who had not met with the father's approval. The news of the death reaching him in the country, he started with all speed to his sweetheart; but in his too eager haste he fell from his horse and was killed. Our pious and beautiful Mary, rendered inconsolable, withdrew from the world and retired herself into a cloister of religious nuns, and caused, near to the place where her father lived and was born, the foundation of a famous church to be laid, which at her own charge was finished and by her Dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary: In Memory of which pious act, and that her name might live to all posterity, the people in their courtesy, added her name also, and called it "St. Mary-Overs." From *The History of St. Saviour's, Southwark.* By Canon Thompson, a tract in the British Museum.

It is a very pretty story, but rather thin. At the Reformation the Dedication was changed from St. Mary to that of St. Saviour. To-day, however, the official title of the Church is "The Cathedral and Collegiate Church of St. Saviour and St. Mary Overie, Southwark." It is only right, however, to point out that occasionally one may meet a sceptic who persists that "Overie" is derived from the Saxon which means "Over the River." We leave it to the good taste and sense of the reader.

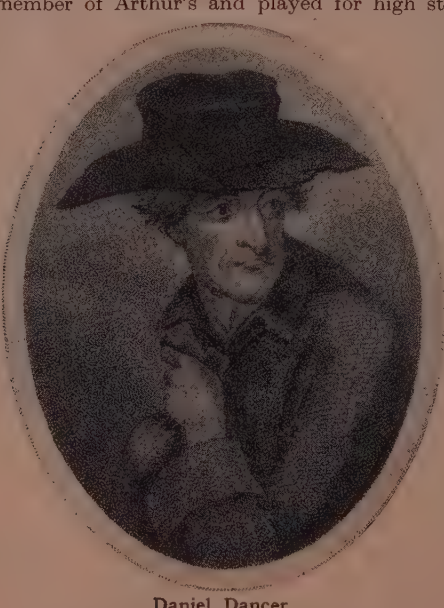
Our third miser is John Elwes, son of a Southwark brewer, and grandson of a Member of Parliament for the Borough. Another member of the family was a Rector of St. Olave's, Tooley Street. Yet in spite of his pedigree young John had a bad start. His mother was a miser. Being left a widow and a hundred thousand pounds, it is said that she starved herself to death. But though it is probably true that John inherited a penurious disposition from his mother, it was not until he met a rich uncle that he knew what a real miser was like. To play up to the old man, John, when paying a visit, would first fortify himself with a good dinner, and then change into a suit of rags. Apparently this method of approach suited Uncle down to the ground, and we are glad to be able to say that John's perspicacity brought the success it deserved. He inherited the old man's fortune.

You will gather, then, that John was no fool. You will be right. He built a good part of the Portland Place and Portman Square district. To save rent he would occupy one of his empty houses and vacate it for another as soon as the former was let. He never entered

a theatre, and never had his shoes cleaned for fear that the rubbing would help wear them out. In his old age he became almost blind. He lost himself on one occasion but reached home under escort of an errand boy. A polite bow was the lad's reward. On another occasion John cut both legs against the pole of a sedan chair. To save expense he put one leg only under professional care. The other he would tend himself. John beat the apothecary by a fortnight. But all this does not make John a miser—not in the strict sense. His only madness was that he would not spend money for his own comfort. Apart from his one lapse when he sent the errand boy away empty handed, he was ever ready to do a good turn where it was deserved. He was a member of Arthur's and played for high stakes; once he kept his place at the card table for two days and one night without intermission. In his day John was an expert horseman; kept a fine stable and rode to his own hounds. That does not sound miserly, does it? In fact we wonder at Noddy Boffin mentioning John Elwes in the same breath as "Dancer." John died in 1789 leaving a fortune of something like half a million pounds. We do not covet his money; but we may be pardoned if in these days of "Prefabs" we cast envious eyes on some of those nice houses he built. With Wegg round the corner to "Run on" our errands "With fi Delity," we should be in clover.*



John Elwes



Daniel Dancer

*John Elwes is said to have been the original of John Scarve in Ainsworth's *The Miser's Daughter*. See *Notes and Queries*, 24th *August*, 1946.

May we close with this note on Daniel Dancer, who must be regarded as the uncrowned King of all the shabby crew ? It is from a little volume entitled *Eccentric Biography ; or, Sketches of Remarkable Characters,* published in 1801 :

" This parsimonious man never had more than one shirt at a time, which, being purchased at an old cloath's shop, seldom exceeded half-a-crown, in price ; nor did it ever, after falling into his possession, undergo the operation of either washing or mending, but was doomed to perpetual slavery, till it literally dropt in pieces from his back. Hence, it may naturally be supposed that, though Mr. Dancer seldom associated with his neighbours, he was at all times attended by a very numerous company, whose personal attachment rendered mankind extremely cautious of approaching him."

NOW, WHAT THE DICKENS

By DENNIS DUNN

(Reprinted, by permission, from The Evening News)

"MR. SQUEERS had before him a plate of hot toast and a cold round of beef."

I closed *Nicholas Nickleby* with a bang, and asked, " What do you usually have for breakfast ? "

" Aspirin," replied my companion, absently.

" No you don't," I sneered. " You are like the rest of us. You fiddle about with a bit of corned beef or toy with a kipper. Why, man, in Dickens's time they thought nothing of ordering a steak and a gallon of ale for breakfast. They were men ! "

" For how long ? "

" Make no mistake, my lad, they were lusty fellows with their teeth in the rich red stuff of life. And why," I said suddenly, " shouldn't we breakfast as the men of Dickens breakfasted. What's to stop us ? Just a paltry convention."

* * * * *

" My stomach," sighed my friend, " is not a paltry convention." But after our usual argument he began to find the idea attractive. To carry out our plan we had to stay the night at an hotel to gain the guest's advantage with the licensing laws.

Next morning we entered the breakfast room. It was an imposing place.

It was a typical example of the British at breakfast, giving an impression of the more cheerful kind of morgue. The place seemed to be full of M.F.H. on holiday and bishops on the spree. Just to our right a white-headed dowager was toying with an egg, which presumably she had brought with her.

We settled ourselves at a table and I picked up the menu. The very first item I noticed was " Pilchards on toast." I shuddered.

Then the waiter approached. He was soft-footed and he was suave as one who has served pilchards on toast to princes.

" Yes, gentlemen ? " he crooned.

Raising my voice and speaking loudly and distinctly, I said : " We want two grilled chops and two pints of beer."

Thirteen papers dropped and thirteen startled faces stared at us. The dowager dropped her egg-spoon.

The waiter staggered back a pace. Then training asserted itself. He gave a sheepish grin and said:

"Ha, ha—very droll, sir—very droll."

"What's droll about it?" I snapped. "We want two pints of beer and two chops."

"But this is the breakfast hour, sir," gurgled the waiter.

"What do you think I thought it was?" I roared. "Oakapple Tuesday?"

"Are you residents, gentlemen?" he said, despairingly.

"We are," I said, coldly, "and chopless residents at that!"

"Just one moment, gentlemen." He vanished to return with somebody frightfully high ranking in the hotel hierarchy. This official was wearing a frown and a morning coat.

"Good morning, gentlemen. Do I understand you wish to be served with chops and—er—beer for breakfast?"

"You do."

"It is most unusual and irregular," he said, deprecatingly.

"Not half so unusual and irregular as a pilchard on toast," I said.

"Not half," nodded my friend.

* * * * *

We had got him nonplussed. By the law of the land we had him. We could have ordered whale steaks and a quart of mead if he had had them in the hotel.

"I can have your chops grilled immediately, gentlemen," he gulped, "but I doubt if the cellarman is yet on duty."

"Could not somebody else turn the spigot?" I inquired, "or is it beyond the united strength of the hotel staff? We are entitled to beer. Beer we want. Beer we shall have."

"In pots," added my companion.

So help me we got it. Two grand grilled chops and two shining and foaming tankards were set before us by a waiter, who licked his lips in public for the first time in five years.

Every eye in that dining-room was upon us, every jaw was stilled. We fell upon the meat and beer.

"Dickens knew," I said, enthusiastically. "Dickens knew! Do you feel like Micawber?"

"Personally," was the reply, with a curious expression on his face, "I feel like hell." He laid down his knife and fork.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm afraid it's my utility stomach," he said. "I can't finish this."

* * * * *

Undaunted, I finished my own splendid Dickensian breakfast and glared defiantly round the room. Then I stalked from the place, holding my friend tenderly by the arm because he was making little groaning noises.

And then—suddenly—I felt there was a certain heaviness, an oppression about the day. Life seemed to lose savour and the most curious little shooting pains began to twirl around within.

I felt Dickensian all right; but I did not feel so much like Micawber as the Death of Little Nell.

I looked at my companion and he looked at me. We did not speak, but with the identical thought turned into the nearest chemist and stood mutely at the counter.

"Two double bismuth," I said.

The chemist grinned.

"Indigestion, gentlemen?"

"No," I replied, weakly. "Dickens!"

GEORGE HOGARTH

By F. R. DEAN

IT seems rather remarkable, considering his close relationship with Charles Dickens, that so little is generally known of George Hogarth, the novelist's father-in-law. Forster has only two brief references to him—the first concerning Dickens's contributions to the *Evening Chronicle*, of which Hogarth was the first editor; the second a mere mention of his name as the father of Dickens's bride.

From J. W. T. Ley's note in his annotated edition of "Forster" (p. 78, No. 83) we learn that George Hogarth was a journalist of some standing in his day, who has the double interest for us that he was Dickens's father-in-law and the friend of Walter Scott. He married Georgina, daughter of George Thomson, "the friend of Burns."

Two articles have appeared in earlier volumes of *The Dickensian* which amplify our knowledge regarding Hogarth. The first was in 1917 (p. 106) and took the form of an answer, under the heading of "Questions and Answers," by Robert Murdoch, which may well be quoted in full, viz.:

> George Hogarth, W.S., father-in-law of Charles Dickens, the novelist, was admitted a Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, 22nd June, 1810, Apprentice to James Alexander Higgin, W.S., eldest son of Robert Hogarth, farmer in Carfrae, Berwickshire. Died 12th Feb., 1870, aged 85. Married 1st June, 1814, Georgina, seventh child and fifth daughter of George Thomson. Principal Clerk of the Hon. Board of Trustees [friend and correspondent of Robert Burns (1759-1796) the National Board of Scotland], Author of *Musical History, Biography and Criticism*, 1835, and other works.
>
> The Ancestry of Catherine Thomson Hogarth, Dickens's wife, is told in a masterly genealogical brochure by a relative, the late Mr. John Christie, Edinburgh. Mr. Christie's friend, Mr. William James Hay, Bookseller, John Knox's House, Edinburgh, published a small edition of the pamphlet five years ago (i.e. 1912), and it should be in the library of every lover of Dickens history and connections, as Mr. Christie was a genealogist *par excellence*.

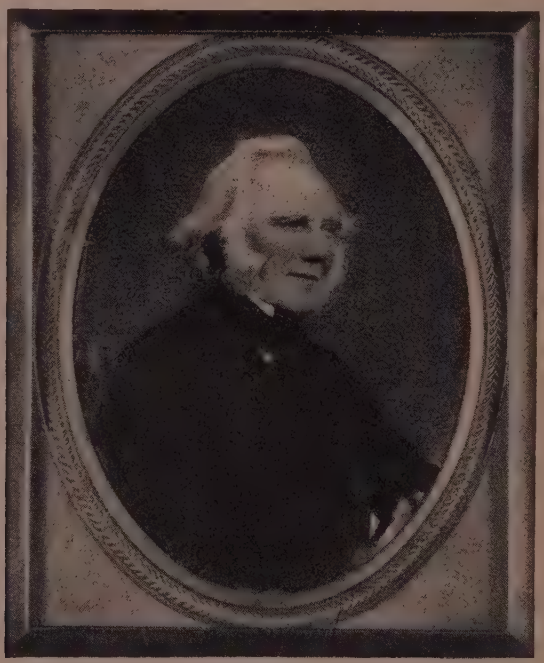
The other article, by W. Forbes Gray, which appeared in 1926 (p. 218) under the title, "The Edinburgh Relatives and Friends of Dickens," includes notes about both George Thomson (Mrs. Dickens's maternal grandfather), whose wife was buried near Mary Hogarth; and about George Hogarth. From this we learn that Hogarth was a "gentleman well known in the literary world, especially by a 'History of Music' of which all who understand that science speak highly"; that Hogarth's sister married James Ballantyne, Sir Walter Scott's printer, and that in this way Dickens's father-in-law became intimate with Scott, Lockhart and other noted men who were living in Edinburgh at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Scott confided much in Hogarth and when the financial crash came in 1826 he wrote in his Journal, under date January 17th, "I have seen Cadell, Ballantyne and Hogarth. All advise me to execute a trust of my property for payment of my obligations."

The article continues: "Removing to London about 1831, Hogarth threw himself wholeheartedly into journalism. He came to have a controlling interest in the *Morning Chronicle*." The writer then goes on to recount the story of Dickens's contributions of his "Sketches" to the *Evening Chronicle*.

There is reason to doubt the accuracy of two statements in the paragraph just quoted. There is in the Dickens House a small paper-backed volume called the *Halifax Courier and Guardian Historical Almanac, 1924 issue*, which contains an article by W. R. Gillis on

George Hogarth. From this it transpires that Hogarth was the first editor of the *Halifax Guardian*. The writer says, "Precisely why and when he left Scotland we do not know, but there is evidence of his appearance in Halifax in 1831, attracted, it is suggested, by certain prospects supposed to have been created by the great musical festival held in the town the previous year. At all events he was resident here when, in 1832, the *Halifax Guardian* began its career. He was asked to undertake the editorship and was responsible for the first number on December 1st of that year."

During his residence in the town he took a prominent part in its cultural life, the well-known musical tradition of Yorkshire specially



George Hogarth

From the Tyrrell Collection

appealing to him. He was one of the founders of the Halifax Orchestral Society. The musical evenings at his houses attracted the musical amateurs of the district.

It was while living in Halifax that Hogarth began his *Musical History, Biography and Criticism* and wrote several lesser known works. He edited *The White Rose of York, a Midsummer Annual* (actually only one issue was published, the preface to which, signed by George Hogarth, is dated from Halifax, 1st June, 1834). This was dedicated by permission to "Her Most Gracious Majesty, Adelaide, the Queen," and was intended to present poetry and prose of special merit, in particular, but not exclusively, by Yorkshire writers. Hogarth's own contribution was a sketch, "A Village Oratorio." It

is of interest to Dickensians to note that one of the contributors was the Countess of Blessington, friend of Dickens. It will be recalled that she edited a publication called *The Keepsake*, to which Dickens was a contributor.* When the *Daily News* was launched Dickens invited the Countess to write "Society Notes." *The White Rose of York* was published in London by John Murray and in Halifax by Whitley and Booth, and R. Leyland. This R. Leyland was the father of J. B. Leyland, the sculptor, one of Branwell Bonte's cronies on his bibulous expeditions.

George and Georgina Hogarth had fourteen children, three of whom are of particular interest to Dickensians. In 1831, at the time of Hogarth's residence in Halifax, Catherine, who became Mrs. Charles Dickens, was sixteen, Mary, who died at 48 Doughty Street in 1837,

Shakespeare House, Halifax

By courtesy of *The Halifax Courier*

was about twelve, and Georgina, who kept house for Charles Dickens after the separation from his wife, was four. Another daughter, Isabella, was born in Halifax in 1833. When Dickens gave his only public reading in Halifax in September, 1858, he wrote to Georgina Hogarth, "Halifax was too small for us. I never saw such an audience, though. They were worth reading to for nothing, though I did not exactly do that. It is as horrible a place as ever I saw." One wonders if, when writing this, he recalled that Halifax was Georgina's home for some three years or so.

Hogarth planned and advertised a history of Halifax, but this was abandoned on his resigning his editorship of *The Guardian*. Three advertisements appeared in that paper in December, 1833, in the name of George Hogarth, two advertising the forthcoming issue of *The*

*His contributions included a poem "A Word in Season" and (under a later editor) "To be read at Dusk."

White Rose and the *History of Halifax* above referred to; the third offering to take pupils for holiday tuition.

We see then, that Hogarth was living in Halifax as late as June, 1834, and it would appear that it was shortly after this date that he went to London to join the staff of the *Morning Chronicle* as musical critic. The *Ancestry of Catherine Thomson Hogarth* already referred to, states that "he edited newspapers at Exeter and Halifax," but the City Librarian of Exeter, who has kindly searched the local records of the period, is unable to trace his residence there. Perhaps some reader of these lines may be able to confirm or definitely refute the statement. We are enabled through the courtesy of the *Halifax Courier* to print a photograph of the house occupied by George Hogarth while living in Halifax. (Shakespeare House.)

When in 1835 the proprietors of the *Morning Chronicle* decided to issue three times a week an evening paper, they placed Hogarth in charge of it as Editor, and he, having been favourably impressed with the sketches that Dickens had contributed to the morning paper, approached his young colleague and suggested that he should write a further series for the new *Evening Chronicle*, and we find Dickens writing from Furnivals Inn on January 20th, 1835, saying with what readiness he should comply, at the same time it had occurred to him that he might not be unreasonably or improperly trespassing farther on Mr. Hogarth if, trusting to his kindness to refer the application to the proper quarter, he begged to ask whether it was probable, if he commenced a regular series of articles under some attractive title for the *Evening Chronicle*, its conductors would think he had any claim to *some* additional remuneration (of course, of no great amount) for doing so. The request was thought fair, he began the sketches and his salary was raised from five to seven guineas a week (vide Forster).

Hogarth helped young Dickens in several ways at this early stage of his literary career. He introduced him to Braham, proprietor of the St. James's Theatre, who staged *The Village Coquettes* and *The Strange Gentleman*, and also took a considerable part in the arrangements for the production and publication of the former. During Dickens's absence on his reporting journeys, Hogarth read the proofs of the *Sketches by Boz*, which were being published by Macrone.

The second point of doubtful accuracy in the 1926 *Dickensian* article is that Hogarth came to have a controlling interest in the *Morning Chronicle*. It will be recalled that when Dickens in 1845 was planning the *Daily News* he invited his father-in-law to join the staff as musical and dramatic critic (vide Ley's edition of "Forster," p. 389). (He filled a similar post on the *Illustrated London News*.) There is a letter in the John Rylands Library, Manchester (reprinted in the Nonesuch edition of the Letters), which reads:

Nineteenth November, 1845

My Dear Hogarth,

I shall be delighted to put you in for music and a general liability to Theatres, at five Guineas a week. I consider that done.

But I confess I feel a greater difficulty about the time and manner of your leaving the "Chronicle" (after your recent return) than you seem to entertain. I doubt whether it might not be best to leave the matter as it stands, at least until Easthope and the Chronicle people generally shall have seen the announcement of the new paper. which will be out in a day or two. Surely it would be more agreeable, now, if you could bring them by some such means to originate the idea of your leaving them.

It is exceedingly improbable that if Hogarth had a "controlling interest" in the *Chronicle* he would have been tempted to break with that paper to accept a post with a new venture for five guineas a week,

or that there should be such a difficulty in making the break as is suggested by this letter.

It is interesting to note that this was not the first nor the last work that Dickens put in Hogarth's way. According to Percy Fitzgerald (vide *Dickensian*, 1907, p. 33) it was Hogarth who introduced Dickens to Richard Bentley, who shortly afterwards invited him to edit a new magazine, which materialised as *Bentley's Miscellany*, the first number appearing on January 2nd, 1837. In the third number appeared a contribution by George Hogarth: "A passage in the life of Beaumarchais." Then when *Household Words* was launched on March 30th, 1850, we find W. H. Wills as assistant editor and George Hogarth on the permanent staff. (vide letter to Wills, March 6th, 1850.)

"I would wish Hogarth to see that article before it is used. Will you see him and set him to work on something else?"

And again on September 18th, 1855:

"Will you take care that Hogarth has it (an article for H.W.) to look over, in order that there may be nothing in it against his positive knowledge."

Hogarth was also associated with his son-in-law in the compilation of *The Household Narrative*—an adjunct of *Household Words*.

Showing the friendly relations which existed between the two, Hogarth was one of the small party present at the dinner celebrating the completion of *Pickwick* (vide *William Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends*—S. M. Ellis) and again he was at the *Dombey* dinner (vide letter to Hogarth):

Devonshire Terrace,
Sunday, Second April, 1848

. . . . . I must acknowledge that I have great faith in Dombey and a strong belief that it will be remembered and read years hence. Its success in these days is quite prodigious. All through I have bestowed all the power and time at my command upon it—and I feel in the strongest of states, now that it is gone from me. I am going to have a *Dombey* dinner here on Tuesday the eleventh at half past six, to celebrate the completion of the story. Will you come?

Dickens's relations with his father-in-law continued cordial and on March 31st, 1851, we find him writing to Hogarth asking him to attend the funeral of his father, John Dickens, and in March, 1852, there is another letter thanking Hogarth for one of appreciation of No. 1 of *Bleak House*. By April, 1856, however, relations appear to have become strained. Dickens and his family spent the winter of 1855-6 in Paris, while Mr. and Mrs. Hogarth occupied his residence at Tavistock House, and on April 27th, 1856, Dickens wrote to W. H. Wills, "The Hogarth family don't leave Tavistock House till next Saturday and I cannot in the meantime bear contemplation of their imbecility any more. I think my constitution is already undermined by the sight of Hogarth at breakfast." He writes to Mark Lemon an almost identical letter, adding, "I think of remaining at Dover till Saturday."

Nevertheless, he evidently felt a duty to Mrs. Hogarth for on January 10th, 1856, he wrote to Wills:

Will you send John to Mr. Morgan, our family apothecary (John knows his house near Russell Square) with a note asking him to call upon you at a certain time? When he comes will you tell him that you have it in charge from me to beg him to charge his attendance, medicine etc. for Mrs. Hogarth to my account, and just to say nothing at all about the matter to her or her family, or anyone else.

In the accounts of the unhappy business of the separation between Charles Dickens and his wife, the name of George Hogarth never

appears, though his wife and daughter Helen were very unpleasantly involved in it, so that they were called upon to sign a letter repudiating belief in "certain statements . . . . . affecting the moral character of Mr. Dickens and compromising the reputation and good name of others."

George Hogarth died on February 12th, 1870, aged 85 (only four months before his son-in-law) at the house of his daughter, Mrs. Roney, 10 Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park, following injuries sustained by falling down the stairs of the *Illustrated London News* office. That he was held in the highest affection and esteem is shown by the notice which appeared in that journal after his death, and which concludes:

> With extensive literary acquirements, active intellectual faculties, and large sympathies, Mr. Hogarth combined a guileless simplicity of character and never failing geniality of temper, that endeared him to all who knew him; and to none more than the writer of these lines, who has succeeded him in his office on this journal, and who was for many years his colleague elsewhere.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING DICKENS

By P. R. AYTIMAN

MR. R. J. CRUIKSHANK has written a book.* To many is given the power to fill pages with words and sentences, paragraphs and chapters, but few produce so attractive, so racy, so lively a narrative as this. The author confesses that he began with the idea of celebrating the centenary of the "Daily News," the files of which he is in an exceptional position to consult, as he is one of the directors. As the design grew under his hands it became the present thrilling panorama of pictures, skilfully drawn, of the events of the hundred years that have elapsed since 1846, with a lucid, running, roaring commentary that a showman with a pointer, in the old days of the real panorama, might envy.

All through this panorama Dickens will keep cropping up, and the resulting book is a companion that no true lover of Dickens can afford to be without, if he desires to understand how his ancestors lived, and to realise the effect of Dickens's influence on his generation, and of his unique popularity during his lifetime and after. It is a case of The Moving Finger Writes, and the English eagerly digested all that was written; the poorer classes took Dickens to their hearts, the middle classes welcomed him, and the privileged classes were compelled to pay attention to him.

The "Daily News" was launched upon its long and honourable career just a hundred years ago with Charles Dickens as its first editor. It was a culmination to his conviction that all was not right in English social life, a conviction that had shewn itself in his earliest work, the amusing but often satirical *Sketches by Boz*, and getting progressively stronger and more earnest in his successive novels. His leading article in the first number, January 21st, 1846, states his ideal: "progress and improvement of education, civil and religious liberty and equal legislation . . . very much has to be done and must be done towards the bodily comfort, mental elevation, and general contentment of the English people."

It is, therefore, no wonder that Mr. Cruikshank, while faithfully

* Roaring Century: 1846-1946 by R. J. Cruikshank. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

recording the social scene as depicted in the columns of the daily paper, is constantly referring to its first editor and his aspirations. As he says, " How can one escape that mighty influence ? " Dickens did not remain editor for more than three weeks (he wanted to write another serial novel and it was impossible to undertake the double task), but what a start he had given the journal ! What a talented band of contributors he had assembled to carry on the work he had begun : Mark Lemon, Douglas Jerrold, Thomas Hodgkinson, W. Hazlitt (Junior), Leigh Hunt, R. H. Horne, John Forster, W. J. Fox, M.P., Eyre Crowe, Father Prout, Charles Mackay and Lady Blessington.

This lively book, written with evident gusto, does not pretend to be a study of social history ; instead it displays in vivid colours the various phases of English life during the most progressive century the world has ever known. The Roar of the Railways, Newspapers and the Post, Social Conditions, the Triumph of the Middle Class, Women, Costume, Sanitation and Humanity, Transport, Amusement and Sport, each receives its share of Mr. Cruikshank's attention, and Dickens's influence is felt throughout.

Two short quotations will show how deftly the author has used his material. " Podsnap declared . . . ' This island was blest, Sir, to the direct exclusion of such other countries as——as there may happen to be.' That emotion to-day is called Blimpery. But Podsnappery was not always a variety of Blimpery. It was often married to an ardent love of liberty, to a loathing of foreign despots, and to a readiness to use Britain's strength in supporting the extension of democratic reforms in other countries." (p. 265.)

Writing of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, Mr. Cruikshank says : " In those days the territorial magnates made and unmade M.P.'s. They behaved like Sir Leicester [Dedlock] of whom it is recorded ' two other little seats that belong to him he treats as retail orders of less importance, merely sending down the men and signifying to the tradespeople : You will have the goodness to make these materials into two Members of Parliament and to send them home when done.' The Duke of Richmond, incensed at the action of his brother, Lord Arthur Lennox, in voting for Repeal, forced him to resign his seat for Chichester, and replaced him by the Duke's younger son, described in a contemporary newspaper as ' a young sprig of nobility about as well adapted to be a teacher of the Chinese language as to be a legislator.' " (p. 90.)

Such extracts only serve as an appetiser for the feast of references to Micawber, Inspector Field, Squeers, Quilp, Gamp, Pickwick, and many more of the glorious company of fictitious immortals who point Mr. Cruikshank's moral and adorn his tale.

Attention must be drawn to page 127, where there occurs the best description of the lurid melodrama of the sixties and seventies that the writer has encountered ; it is worthy to rank with Dickens's own account of Joe Whelks.

Where so much is excellent one would not carp, but why does the author in writing of the outburst of patriotism in 1877-78 call " Jingo " a new word. It was current in the eighteenth century as a mild " swear-word " equivalent to By Gad, and Barham of the Ingoldsby Legends says that Jingo was perhaps more in the mouths of the " general " than any other Saint on occasions of adjuration : " I sweare yt is bye Jyngo." A slip occurs on page 122 where G. P. R. Reynolds may stand for either G. P. R. James or G. W. M. Reynolds ; but it really does not matter.

These are very minor complaints and only emphasise the general accuracy and reliability of the remainder of a most acceptable addition to the Dickensian's library.

CHIRRUP, EBENEZER!

By RUTH WHITTAKER

ALONE, in London, snug in bed with a cold in the head, I was dipping lightly amongst the Christmas stories and chapters of Dickens. But all their bustle, excitement and high spirits, all the winking in wanton slyness, the shaking of curls, the sparkling of eyes, smiling of lips, twinkling of toes and hearty laughter—seemed very restless and fidgety. Surely all that quaffing and drinking will undo you, Sir Toby! Let us have a little quiet, a little gruel with Mr. Woodhouse.

Of course, some of us dislike this getting together for the very same reason that others court it—simple vanity. We are so anxious to make ourselves heard, to feel that we are of some account, and we choose the way that gives us the best opportunity. Some can only expand to larger-than-life when they are shining in company. They love to be "the life and soul of the party," and when we ask them if they enjoyed Christmas they say, "Oh yes, I was in great form." These are the Getters-Together. They feel small and uncomfortable when they are alone, and we who like solitude say how shallow they must be since they have no thoughts with which to occupy themselves.

The getters-together, in their turn, refuse to believe that we really like being alone, and conspire to rob us of our solitude, calling our aloneness loneliness. Or they think we are "queer" and we admit that we are, although, of course, we call it being different. For we, the withdrawers from getting-together, know that to be successful the operation requires a proper merging of all the parts into one whole; and we, poor wretches, cling to our own little bit of individuality, fondly trying to believe that it is superior to other bits. And we are afraid, terribly afraid, to trust it in their midst lest it should not stand the test—that we may even be made to laugh at ourselves, a gruesome indignity.

So, if we are forced to get together, we remain apart in a corner, whence we can see the follies of others whilst hiding our own. Alas, there are times when the most hardened solitary becomes restive at watching others make fools of themselves whilst he, so full of good things, wastes his wonders on the desert air. How we envy the charming Mr. Tupple!

Writing this, in the middle of the night, the thought of a merry Christmas alone here is quite pleasant. Besides, I should not be alone. Remembering Dickens's fondness for ghosts at Christmas, so much might happen; I am sure someone would pop in. If not, I can ring up other lonely souls. . . . Twemlow for instance . . . or if I want to join someone else's party, Traddles and the girls are laughing not far away in Gray's Inn; and in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Dickens is reading *The Chimes*. Who wants a twenty-five mile walk with the Pickwickians in actual fact (it would probably be raining) when it can be read about by the fire? I admit it would be a trifle awkward if the Ghost of Christmas Present appeared—the furnishing of his throne would present difficulties unknown to Dickens. Surveying ruefully my points and B.U.'s, I am afraid he would fare badly. I might make a rich plum pudding out of grated raw carrots, turnips and potatoes; I might manage a rich plum cake by lashing out into dried eggs and soya flour. But the grocers, oh, the grocers! In place of all those turkeys, geese, sucking pigs and so on, what will there be? In all probability pyramids of "M. and V." in a desert of washing-up powder.

The modern young Scrooge, going home for Christmas, would be self-sufficient; instead of being regaled with "curiously light wine and curiously heavy cake," he would simply go into the first little shop and buy a choc-ice and a bottle of Tizer.

One treat we could provide, which Dickens lacked. How he would have wallowed in Father Christmas! Bob Crachit, Mr. Pickwick, the reformed Scrooge and the rest would certainly have withdrawn, at some stage of the Christmas merrymaking, to don the white-trimmed red robe and hood we love so much; and as for the pathetic travesty of Father Christmas, who haunts us in the gutters and hands us leaflets advertising Somebody's Toy Fair and Giant Christmas Tree . . . what heart-rending pictures Dickens would have painted of him! Trotty Veck, Mr. Dolls, the many poor relations and failures scattered through the books, would all have trod that path.

No, I should not be lonely, knowing Dickens. I often wonder, by the way, how other people behave when they are alone; whether they skip about, and peep into cupboards, and chuckle, and look in the glass, or just sit down seriously to read or work or think. It would appear that women are the greatest lovers of solitude, in spite of their reputation for gossip. Men, of course, want to be "left alone," but they only mean not being bothered to do anything. Then they smoke or go to sleep. Being alone with their Maker, they call it.

A certain amount of withdrawing apart is surely necessary, even for the most Dickensianly sociable of us. Time in which to take stock of ourselves and feel the strength of standing alone. And whether or no action is "a way of spoiling something" as has been said, it is not until we stand still in life for awhile that we realise its goodness, when "ceasing for awhile to question and strive, we dare to be merely receptive."

There are times, however, when the most self-contained solitary feels a pathetically weak king of the castle, and longs to stretch out a hand to touch another, when the invitation to "fall in and follow me" has the sweetest sound on earth. What, after all, is the use of eternally watching, and savouring things, if we have no one with whom to share our impressions?

But getting together should definitely be taken in small doses. That is why Christmas is so wise in coming only once a year, and why Dickens was so wildly wrong in suggesting that it should be every day. Laurence Housman gives us, in his heaven, the power to vanish immediately we are tired of the company. A grand idea. On earth, we can only bear it in silence or think of polite ways of saying, "Can I go now?" The general idea of heaven as a perpetual getting together, with no hope of parting, is appalling, and the other place will, I suppose, be even more crowded. Let us hope our Heavenly Host will allow for the human tendency to withdraw. . . .

But a plague on all these pickled herrings. "If I no more come home at Christmastime there will be boys and girls (thank Heaven) while the world lasts; and they do. . . . As to going a visiting, where can we not go, if we will; where have we not been, when we would!"

And I, I know, when Christmas really comes, I shall pack and catch a train, and go and keep Christmas once again. In the meantime, before I get turned out of the Fellowship for these unchristian sentiments, I, too, will withdraw, in a Pickwickian, not to say Wendyish sense, and put out the light.

But first, lest loneliness should follow aloneness, I will dial O and ask the nice man on night duty at Telephones to call me in the morning. Thus, with his pleasant "Good Night" in my ears as I lie down, his bright "Good Morning" to waken me, and a hot-water bottle in between, what more could the most restless female desire?

NOTES ON *MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT*

By T. W. HILL

(*continued from volume xlii, page* 203)

Chapter XXVII

1. FLOWERS OF GOLD AND BLUE. Exquisites of the period such as D'Orsay, Lytton and Dickens himself, affected gorgeously embroidered waistcoats, and Tigg Montague aspired to be an exquisite.

2. "LOMBARD'S ARMS." Describing David at the pawnbrokers as "tapster at the Lombard's Arms" is a charming flight of fancy, as the three balls over a pawnbrokers' shop has been said, popularly, to be taken from the Lombardy coat of arms.

3. YOUNG FAME. Fame in allegorical statuary is usually represented as a seminude winged figure poised on one toe and holding a trumpet to its mouth.

4. CRICKET BALLS BEATEN FLAT. Ledgers are often half bound in dark red leather stitched with parchment strips that simulate the stitches round a cricket ball.

5. TIGER. A boy smartly liveried, with top-boots, chosen for his sharpness of intellect, who attends on his master when driving out.

> "Tiger Tim was clean of limb
> His boots were polished, his jacket was trim."
> Ingoldsby Legends: "The Excursion."

6. HALL AND COLLEGE. Jobling is of course referring to the Surgeons' Hall and the College of Physicians. The diplomas usually qualifying a General Practitioner are M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

7. JACK NOAKES OR TOM STYLES. These names are used generically, as they were used to fill in blanks in legal forms in the same way that Thomas Atkins was in military forms. Serjeant Buzfuz used them at the Bardell trial in *Pickwick Papers*; and Samuel Butler (1612-1680) in Hudibras, Book III wrote:

> "Convey men's interest and right
> From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's."

8. CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME. This saying may be founded on First Epistle to Timothy, Verse 4: "Let them learn first to shew pity at home." Wyclif in 1380 uses it in his sermon on Prelates: "Charitie schuld bigyne at hem-self." Later Beaumont and Fletcher in 1616 were a little cynical about it, for in "Wit Without Malice" occurs: "Charity and beating begins at home."

9.—GARRAWAY'S. A well-known coffee house in Change Alley, Cornhill, which became the meeting place for merchants in the City where much business "off the record" was transacted and news exchanged. An excellent haunt for a private enquiry agent. It may be remembered that it was from "Garraway's; Twelve o'clock" that Mr. Pickwick indited the note asking Mrs. Bardell to provide chops and tomata sauce for dinner.

10.—BEAVER GLOVES. Very fashionable and comfortable before the introduction of kid, leather, suède, silk, etc.; see also Chapter V, note 4.

Chapter XXVIII

1. TOM GAG. As a generic term for a stupid. Tom contrasts with Jack, who is shrewd and active, as Jack-of-all-trades, Jack-in-office, etc. Tom becomes Tom Noddy, Tom fool, Tom tinker, etc., and here he is Tom Gag, a foolish or bragging talker.

2. MISS BIFFIN. A miniature-painter, born in 1784 without arms or legs, stood 3 ft. 1 in. in height, and held the pencil or brush between her teeth. She was exhibited by her art-teacher from 1812 and died in 1850. Here, her legless condition is compared with the invisibility of the legs of Juliet "and all the rest of 'em" on account of their long dresses and trains. Miss Biffin is referred to also in *Nicholas Nickleby* (Chapter XXXVII), in *Little Dorrit* (Bk. II, Chapter XVIII) and in "A Plated Article" (*Reprinted Pieces*).

Chapter XXIX

1. MOORE'S ALMANAC. This was first published in 1699 by Francis Moore (1657-1715), physician and astrologer, to promote the sale of his pills; the almanac included weather predictions. In 1700 Moore published "Vox Stellarum" with astrological observations. The almanac was revived in 1742, edited by Henry Andrews, and attained a circulation of half a million.

2. CROSS AS TWO STICKS. Ill-tempered, peevish; a play on cross in the sense of cross meaning athwart the main direction, or likely to cause confusion by intersection. A parallel phrase is: "cross as a pair of tailor's legs." (See also Chapter XLIII, note 3.)

3. TITTIVATED. The derivation of this expressive word is doubtful; it was originally spelt "tiddivate" or "tidivate," perhaps from the idea of fussy tidiness.

4. CHANDLERY. A chandler was at first a tradesman who dealt in or made candles; now it is applied to any retail dealer (used in combination with a descriptive noun) as corn-chandler, ship-chandler, tallow-chandler, etc.

5. PANNIER. From the Latin *panis*, bread; a pannier is properly a bread-basket, but it has come to mean any basket, usually slung in pairs across the back of a pack-animal. By association it is also applied to a female garment swelling out on both sides from the waist downwards.

6. BOOT. In the meaning of receptacle, it denotes the compartment at the back of a coach or carriage for the accommodation of luggage. It will be remembered that Tony Weller in *Pickwick Papers*, Chapter XLIII, told Sam that he kept his pocket-book "in the boot," meaning his hip-pocket. There is often a fore-boot under the coachman's box or between his box and the body of the vehicle.

Chapter XXX

1. Chapter heading. TRIPLE BOB-MAJOR. A Bob, in change-ringing, is a chime rung on an even number of bells, and a Bob-major is a peal of eight; a triple (corruption of treble) Bob-major is an especially effective peal in which the treble bell, instead of regularly changing its place in each successive chime, jumps about ("dodges") in a zig-zag course. The effect is to give a sprightly and joyous character to the chimes. So Pecksniff rings his jocose and playful changes; Mary provided for, Charity packed off to Todgers', he lays his plans for outwitting old Martin and marrying Mary at one stroke.

2. STUMBLING BLOCK. It is curious that so apt an expression does not seem to have been founded on any actual obstacle; it has always been figurative, and is at least as old as Tindale's translation of the New Testament (1526) where Romans xiv, 13, reads: "That no men putt a stomblinge blocke or an occasion to faule in his brothers waye."

3. CURRICLE. One of many vehicles with more or less fanciful names used in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. A curricle was a gig-like two-wheeled carriage with a pole for two horses and accommodating two passengers. The word is a diminutive of the Latin *curro*, to run. It may be interesting to give a few more examples: "In those days men drove gigs as they since have driven stanhopes, tilburys, dennets and cabriolets, and I rather piqued myself upon my 'turnout'." Theodore Hook in *Gilbert Gurney*.

4. CYMONS. Refinement indeed! It comes as a reminder of Dickens's scorn of any pretentiousness. In *Sketches by Boz* The Tuggses, as soon as the family inherited their wealth, became genteel, and Simon changed his name to Cymon.

Chapter XXXI

1. SIMPLE LITTLE ORGAN. See Chapter V, Note 13.

2. FLOGGED AT THE CART'S TAIL. Criminals were often sentenced to be conveyed through the streets in a cart exposed to the public gaze and execration, and if the offence were of a violent nature were publicly flogged at the cart's tail during the progress.

3. FLEA IN HER EAR. A dismissal with a *stinging* reproof; the expression is as old as 1430 when it appeared in "Pilgr. Lyf. Manhode": "And manye oothere grate wundres [ye haue seyd] whiche ben fleen in myne eres." The French have the expression "avoir la puce à l'oreille."

Chapter XXXII

1. CHAFFING. Playful or light badinage "blown about" as grains of chaff are blown about by the wind; it is probably cognate also with chafe in the sense of gentle irritation or teasing. It is not by any means a new word: in Jenkyns's "The Blind Guide" (1648) we have: "You pretend to nothing but chaffe and scoffes."

2. HALF-PRICE TO THE PLAY. It will be well within the memory of elderly people that theatres of the cheaper sort allowed the public to enter at half-price about half-way through the performance; it should be added that most of the playhouses presented two and sometimes three plays at each performance.

3. TAMAROO. No doubt this name for an old woman seems absurd, but it was bestowed upon her sarcastically, as it is an expletive of a hackney coachman in a ballad that Dickens knew. The ballad is given in full in *The Dickensian*, 1931, page 37: "Ben was a hackney coachman rare."

4. ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE. The common name given to erysipelas. Originally applied to a pestilential epidemic that swept over Europe in 1089 and that was said only to be cured by the victim praying before relics of the saint. Erysipelas is also occasionally known as Rose from its pink appearance.

5. PAY THE PIPER. That is, pay the cost: it is said to be founded on the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin (on which Browning based the well-known poem), but it may be older than that for the full proverb runs: "He who pays the piper calls the tune."

6. VAMPIRE. In the folklore of most peoples the vampire is a nocturnal demon that preys upon its victims by sucking their blood during sleep, causing them to pine away without apparent reason. Figuratively, any bloodsucker.

Chapter XXXIII

1. RIPPER. A particular kind of knife for ripping along a carcase or any other material. It will be remembered that during the years 1887-1889 a maniac (?) who caused the death of several women in the East End of London by using a knife in the same way as that advocated by Mr. Chollop, became commonly known as Jack the Ripper.

2. LYNCH LAW. An American term, now acclimatised in England, for unauthorised and illegal trial and punishment of offenders: it was often a cover for cruelty, vindictiveness and sometimes torture. It is said to have got its name from a Virginia planter, Colonel Charles Lynch (1736-1796) who took the law into his own hands.

3. TARRING AND FEATHERING. A humorous (!) and humane (! !) punishment dating back to the time of the Crusades, when, according to Thomas Rymer (1638-1713) a statute of 1189 enjoined that any robber voyaging with the Crusaders "shall be first shaved, then boiling pitch shall be poured upon his head, and a cushion of feathers shook over it." (Foedera I, 65.)

Chapter XXXIV

1. LAST SCENE OF CORIOLANUS. The last act of the play, but not quite the last scene (the assassination). In Act V, Scene III, Coriolanus's wife, Virginia, accompanied by his mother, Volumnia, introduces into his presence young Marcus and Valeria. The whole noble scene should be read for comparison with preposterous Mrs. Hominy and Elijah Pogram.

2. MIND AND MATTER. To E. V. Fleming is due the discovery that Miss Toppitt's speech is in *vers libre*. In an essay on poetry (1934) he writes: ". . . a transient thing which is, by a noisy few, to-day acclaimed as modern poetry.' This appears, in general, to eschew metre and scorn rhyme . . . seems to be of Transatlantic origin, though, doubtless, it may flourish more rankly here than on the parent-soil. There is, indeed, evidence of its Transatlantic derivation. Nearly a century ago, . . . one of the 'literary ladies' (in *Martin Chuzzlewit*) addressed the assembly in words which seem to have forestalled some of what is being written to-day. For the benefit of the weaker brethren I have broken up this mighty poem so as to give it a more familiar appearance:

Mind and matter
Glide swift
Into the vortex of immensity.
Howls
The sublime,
And softly sleeps
The calm Ideal,
In the whispering chambers
Of Imagination.
To hear it,
Sweet it is.
But then, outlaughs
The stern
Philosopher,
And saith to the Grotesque,
'What ho ! Arrest
For me
That Agency.
Go, bring it
Here.'
And so
The vision
Fadeth !

Is this outpouring now more coherent and comprehensible than the prose of Dickens ? Or does the reader prefer the bewigged Mrs. Toppitt ? "

Chapter XXXV

1. MY GRAMMAR SCHOOL. See Chapter VI, Note 4. Pecksniff's master-hand made it his own by adding four windows to Martin's original design.

Chapter XXXVI

1. OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY. This may be a reference either to the nursery rhyme "Tom he was a piper's son," or to the ballad in "The Beggar's Opera" by John Gay set to the tune of the old rhyme.

2. FURNIVAL'S INN. Dickens knew from personal experience the virtues of Furnival's Inn as a residence. The Inn, which had ceased to be an Inn of Chancery in 1817, was demolished in 1895 when the Prudential building was erected on the site.

3. AN OLD BLADE. What an epithet for Tom Pinch. A blade was a dashing restless fellow, sharp and of high temper like a sword blade. The term is not often heard now.

Chapter XXXVIII

1. POPE'S COUPLET. Two lines from the "Moral Essays" alluded to the inscription that at one time was attached to the plinth of the Monument, ascribing to the papists the origin of the Great Fire of London, 1666 :

"Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies."

The inscription was finally removed in 1831.

2. TANNER. This well-known slang name for a sixpenny-piece derives from the Gipsy word *tano*, little. An ascent of the Monument at the present day is threepence, so perhaps it is not worth "twice the money to stop here."

3. TOM'S PET TUNE. It is a pity that Tom's pet tune is not named as one would like to know whether he recognized it from the silent motion of Ruth's fingers on the table-cloth. She, having been a governess, could of course play the pianoforte and also sing.

Chapter XXXIX

1. PET TUNE. In this place Ruth hums it and beats time with her left hand while sewing with her right. Clever little Ruth !

2. CIVIL ENGINEER. Tom has had a rapid promotion and must have had some natural talent : he had been only an assistant and general factotum in an architect's office.

3. AUSTIN FRIARS. Suites of offices and chambers occupying the site of the Augustinian Priory (1253-1538) near Old Broad Street. The Dutch were subsequently offered the use of the magnificent church (1354) of the Priory; this was destroyed during an air-raid in 1941.

4. BLACK SHORTS AND POWDER. Velvet knee-breeches and powdered hair. A survival from an earlier fashion. See note 7.

5. WAFER STAMP. The metal disc or signet used to press the damp wafer on the fastening of the letter-packet to make the edges adhere closely.

6. GIVE JOHN AN INCH. Adapted from an adage that can be traced back for about four hundred years. Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679) in "Liberty and Necessity" uses this form: "Give an inch he'll take an ell" —an ell was proverbally a term implying an indefinite but great length.

7. BOOTS AND A WIG. A variety of old-fashioned clothes to contrast with "black shorts and powder" (see *ante*). The boots were top boots. Mr. Fips and his neighbourhood were evidently of the old school to which Tim Linkinwater belonged.

8. MINIATURES OF YOURSELF. The pupil of the eye is a perfect mirror, which because of the intense blackness of the background and the convexity of the lens gives a startingly vivid reflection although tiny. Shakespeare, who appears to have known everything, knew of this.

> "I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
> Wherein I see myself."
> ("Merchant of Venice," Act V, Scene 1.)

9. GREEN-HANDLED KNIVES. It used to be customary for the knives and forks in the servants' hall to have coloured handles and also for the forks to have two prongs only, to distinguish them from the cutlery of "the quality" upstairs. Of course Tom and his sister had to begin their housekeeping in a modest way.

Chapter XL

1. MOULDY SIGHS. How expressive! So expressive that in a different connection Dickens uses the phrase again in *Edwin Drood* when he says that "Old Time (Cloisterham Cathedral) heaved a mouldy sigh from tomb and arch and vault" (Chapter IX).

2. COVENT GARDEN. The following is the list of places visited by Tom and Ruth on different mornings: Covent Garden Market, Poultry Market (either Smithfield or Leadenhall), Fish Stalls (Billingsgate), Haymarket (either Pall Mall or Whitechapel), Steam-boat Pier (London Bridge). For early-morning wanderings these goals cover a good deal of ground for Tom and his sister, on the way from Islington to the Temple where Tom was due to arrive at half-past nine o'clock.

Chapter XLI

1. YOUR BOSOM'S LORD. Jobling is quoting from "Romeo and Juliet," where Romeo says, "My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne." (Act V, Scene I.)

2. APOTHECARY IN THAT DRAMA . . . VULGAR, SIR. An excellent comment from the complacent and superior (?) Jobling, as the wretched Apothecary illegally sells to Romeo a fatal drug for forty ducats.

3. EDGE-TOOLS: NEVER PLAY WITH 'EM. From the proverb that is very old, as it appears in a collection of "Vulgaria" (1510) in which however it is spelled "edged tools." Tennyson has, in "The Princess," Part II:

> "You jest: ill-jesting with edge-tools."

Chapter XLII

1. IT MAY LIGHTEN AND STORM. James Lightwood in "Dickens and Music" (1912) thinks that this chorus is probably Dickens's own composition, although it may occur in some old ballad opera so far untraced.

2. DOWN A STEEP HILL. From Figsbury Ring, about five miles from Salisbury, the road drops pretty sharply down to the small River Bourne: Tigg Montague and Jonas had "three or four good miles to travel" thence to Salisbury.

Chapter XLIII

1. KNIVES HAD BEEN REMOVED. The old superstition has not yet entirely died out that steel or bright articles like knives, forks or mirrors should be covered up or hidden away during a thunderstorm.

2. STEEPLE WOULD HAVE CHOKED ME. Another reference to the non-existent spire of Amesbury Church, if Amesbury is really the little Wiltshire village.

3. A LITTLE BANDIER. The natural result of the cross-legged attitude usually adopted by tailors on their work-tables.

4. TOOTH AND NAIL. In right good earnest: using every natural weapon. First mentioned by Terence in *Andria*: "Manibus pedibusque." Tennyson's variant is common knowledge: "Nature, red in tooth and claw." It may be noted that there is a real difference between "tooth and nail" and "hammer and tongs," although the two expressions are often used as having the same meaning; the former implies a real desire to injure, while the latter signifies mere noise: sound and fury. (See also Chapter XLIX, Note 7.)

Chapter XLIV

1. MENTOR. A faithful and sage adviser of Ulysses (Homer's Odyssey) whose merits were so marked that his name has become proverbial for the best kind of teacher.

2. GULLS ON THE WING. It is curious that so wise and intelligent a bird as the gull should have become the simile for a dupe or one who is easily deceived. This has been so for many centuries, but it seems probable that the parallel is taken from the young birds which, when newly hatched, are naked and helpless.

Chapter XLV

1. FOUNTAIN COURT, TEMPLE. Gets its name from the Fountain in its centre; this fountain has been playing ever since Queen Elizabeth's reign and probably longer ago than that. Garden Court almost adjoining, is so called from Middle Temple Garden to which it leads.

2. LITTLE ENOUGH TO SEE. Perhaps not, but the charming description that follows is evidently drawn from Dickens's own pleasurable recollections.

3. SING THE BALLADS. Dickens had an almost encyclopædic knowledge of the popular ballads of his time as is shewn by the very many references and quotations throughout his works.

Chapter XLVI

1. LOO TABLE. What curious articles young people do begin to accumulate when they start buying furniture for their new home; like birds in the spring-time gathering straw, twigs, etc., for the new nest. Loo is a round game of cards and a loo table accommodates a small party (three or more). Such a provision for a home recalls the fact that Traddles (in *David Copperfield*) began, years before he could hope to marry "the dearest girl in the world," with a little round marble-topped table and a flower-pot and stand. Household necessaries come last.

2. LITTLE JUGGERNAUT. The suicide, à la Moddle, of devotees of Juggernaut (Hindu Jagannáth) was formerly widely credited, but later researches showed that such deaths "were rare and almost always accidental," and that they were due to the inevitable pressure of enormous crowds of worshippers.

3. QUIVER FULL OF SECH. This term, commonly used for a large family, comes from Psalm CXXVII, vv. 3 and 4: "Children are an heritage of the Lord . . . As arrows are in the hands of a mighty man . . . Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." A quiverful is, of course, as many arrows as a quiver will hold, and is usually five.

4. GRATER LIKE A BLESSED INFANT'S SHOE. A form of nutmeg-grater once not uncommon, in which the heel of the shoe forms a pocket to receive the powder produced at the toe end. There was one in the writer's early home.

4. CAUDLE. O.Fr. chaudel. A warm comforting drink composed of wine beaten up with eggs, sugar and spice: generally taken as a "night-cap." Hence the title of Douglas Jerrold's masterpiece, once very popular; "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" (1846).

5. SPANISH FLIES. Insects of the order Cantharidae, the Blister-Beetle-Fly, from which is extracted a crystalline substance used by medical men to produce blisters.

CHAPTER XLVIII

1. SPRIG OF GERANIUM. The bright scarlet of the geranium would naturally appeal to so ardent and cheerful a man as Dickens: his garden at Gads Hill was always a blaze of geraniums every summer, and he constantly mentions geraniums in his works.

CHAPTER XLIX

1. CHEST OF DRAWERS. As this article of furniture had "been originally made to stand upon the top of another chest" it was the upper and smaller portion part of what was known as a "tall-boy."

2. NEWCASTLE SALMON. Salmon from the Tyne were at one time much esteemed as a delicacy, but the ship-building industry and the resultant defiling of the river have practically caused their disappearance.

3. LIVELY LEECHES. The leech is not, of course, normally a lively animal, being indeed sluggish—appropriate word—of habit, but if it has been unfed for some time, it gets to work with avidity when applied to the skin.

4. "CHUCK." The inverted commas shew that Dickens knew he was using a vulgarism, although why a good English word should fall from its high estate is a minor mystery: to chuck, ever since Anglo-Saxon times, is merely to throw with a jolt or a jerk, and that is precisely what Mrs. Prig did with her bonnet and shawl.

5. OWLS WAS ORGANS. It is not often that Mrs. Gamp's picturesque language is too obscure for easy comprehension, but this particular flight of eloquence puzzled many readers. In 1844 Dickens explained it to Dudley Costello and fourteen years later Edmund Yates had a fuller exposition: when Mrs. Harris bore her first child, Mr. Harris at the sight of his offspring was "took with fits"; the doctor "collared him and laid him on his back upon the airy stones," and then told Mrs. Harris to ease her mind, that his "owls was organs," that is, barrel-organs in the street.

6. GOLD AS HAS PASSED THE FURNACE. "The fining-pot is for silver and the furnace for gold." (Psalm XVII, v. 3.)

7. HAMMER AND TONGS. Violently and noisily, like the work of a blacksmith, and quite as exhausting. The tongs are, of course, used to hold the red-hot iron on the anvil while it is struck by the hammer. (See also Chapter XLIII, note 4.)

8. BULLFINCH IN THE SHOP. In Chapter XIX it was a goldfinch that drew its own drinking water, so one supposes that Mr. Sweedlepipe must have sold that bird and taught a bullfinch the accomplishment.

9. SLUMBERS OF FRIAR BACON. In the comedy "The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay (1594)" by Richard Greene (1560-1593) there is a scene where Bacon makes a brass head and, with the help of the Devil, learns how to endow it with speech, but it will not talk. After watching the head for three weeks Bacon, worn out, falls asleep. The head suddenly talks and ejaculates, "Time is," and presently "Time was," and then "Time is past," when it falls to the ground and breaks, the noise waking Bacon.

10. WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT. The correct version of this saying is given in J. Heywood's Proverbs (1546): "when thieves fall out, true men come by their own."

CHAPTER L

1. PENS, RULER, ETC. Dickens endows Tom Pinch with a very full battery of implements, including compasses, for the purpose of writing a fair copy of a book-catalogue. Some of them seem redundant, but perhaps it is only to shew that Tom, when he left Pecksniff, had brought away with him his own personal outfit. It must also be remembered that since reaching London he had become a civil engineer. (Chapter XXXIX).

2. INDIA-RUBBER. The original name of this elastic gum was caoutchouc, from a Caribbean native word, and the India in the name is West India. Its use for removing blacklead marks was discovered by Joseph Priestley in 1770.

Chapter LII

1. BREAKFAST FROM THE HOTEL. There were many people living in chambers in the Temple who had all the necessary facilities for getting their own breakfast, but it is possible that here we have a reference to Dickens's own life when he had chambers in Furnival's Inn ; this is directly alluded to in *Edwin Drood*, where Mr. Grewgious got his dinner and his tea, either by crossing Holborn to the hotel in Furnival's Inn or by having them sent to him in Staple Inn.

2. NUMBLE. Dickens manages to convey tremendous emphasis on Pecksniff's hypocritical nature by the use of this capital N. In the same way he conveys immense scorn on Uriah Heep's mock humility by the use of an apostrophe in 'umble. Yet it must be remembered that in Dickens's day it was correct to suppress the aspirate in quite a number of words such as hotel, humble, heredity, honey, herb, and others. Fashions change even in pronunciation, and now the aspirate is more usually correct, except in heir, hour, honest, etc. Indeed it was largely Dickens's omission of Uriah's aspirate that caused the swing of the pendulum towards aspiration of the H.

Chapter LIII

1. PROVIDE. The usual term in former days when domestic servants and their employers separated. Suit or suited or placed is now current.

2. ZONE. From Greek for a girdle. The geographical term as Torrid Zone, Zone of Influence, etc., has given the word currency for a belt or waistband for women ; also the region of the waist. The use of zone for waist is illustrated by O. W. Holmes :

> " My aunt, my dear unmarried aunt—
> Long years have o'er her flown ;
> Yet still she strains the aching clasp
> That binds her virgin zone ;
> I know it hurts her, though she looks
> As cheerful as she can ;
> Her waist is ampler than her life,
> For life is but a span."

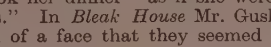
Chapter LIV

1. DIMITY. A heavy but fine cotton fabric with raised patterns, formerly much used for bed-hangings and curtains.

2. VAN DIEMAN'S LAND. Named by its discoverer in 1642, A. J. Tasman, in honour of the Governor if Dutch Batavia who had sent the expedition out. It was colonised by the British in 1834 and used as a penal settlement. When transportation ceased in 1853 the island was renamed Tasmania after its discoverer.

3. APPEARS TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE'S. This is not the only example of Dickens's quaint conceit. In Chapter III Pecksniff " warmed his hands at the fire as benevolently as if they were somebody else's." In *Our Mutual Friend*, Mrs. Wilfer took her dinner " as if she were feeding somebody else on high public grounds." In *Bleak House* Mr. Gusher had " eyes so much too small for his moon of a face that they seemed to have been originally made for somebody else."

4. TALMUD. The fundamental code of the Jewish Civil and Canonical Law.



DICKENS AND THE CHURCH

A LITTLE volume of essays bearing the title of the first of them *Charles Dickens and the Church*, has been written by G. T. Shettle (The Churchman Publishing Co., 5*s*.). Although the author has not a great deal to say that is new to Dickensians, it will serve a useful purpose in a wider sphere. Church scenes from the novels are brought together in a very attractive manner and the result is a very readable essay. *Charles Dickens and Nature* is treated in a similar manner in another essay in the same volume.

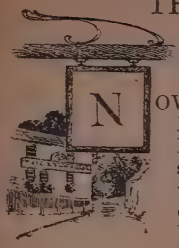
THE DOMBEY CHURCH

THE parish church of St. Marylebone held a commemorative service on October 12th in celebration of the centenary of the marriage of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, which took place within its walls on the same date in 1846. A fund has been opened by the Rev. H. J. Matthews, the rector, for the building of a Browning Memorial Chapel.

St. Marylebone Parish Church in 1846.
By courtesy of the Rev. H. J. Matthews.

The church is of special interest to Dickensians, as probably that which figures so conspicuously in *Dombey and Son*. It was here that Paul was christened and buried, and here it was that his father married Edith Grainger. Our illustration, reproduced by the kindness of Mr. Matthews, shows the church as it was in those days. In 1884 the sides of the upper gallery were removed and the south apse added at what, in most churches, is the east end. In other respects the church has remained unaltered since the novel was written and Dickens's home was but a few yards away in Devonshire Terrace. L. C. S.

THE PASSING OF THE BLACK TOP HAT



By FRANK J. STAFF

NOW how did I arrive at that title ? Most intriguing. I've seen it somewhere or something very like it. I must not waste valuable newsprint in vague speculation ; that is like me, always flying off at a tangent, meandering along the broad path instead of keeping to one that is straight and narrow. The business in hand is to write of the top hats of the Novels. And when I mention Novels, I refer to the Novels of our favourite Author. If I can forget that title for awhile, I will go straight ahead. Lack of concentration is my failing, and if not careful I shall find myself setting the title to some catchy bars of music ; and for this I have precedents. Very notable precedents. Remember Mark Twain after watching a conductor punching tickets ? "Punch Brother, punch, punch with care, Punch in the presence of the Passenjare." And Rudyard Kipling in " The Village that voted the earth was flat, earth was flat," with Members of the House of Commons singing in unison, using their coiled order papers to simulate trumpets. I should have written the title last.

The top hats of Dickens. The top hat, like the dinosaur, is now extinct, at any rate, like the bones of this prehistoric monster, may occasionally be observed and suitably commented upon by antiquarians and lovers of the bizarre.

In early Victorian days top hats were everywhere worn by the male fraternity. Shall I say, worn by men ? I will ; it sounds more human and less like Fleet Street. In the days of Dickens nearly every man wore a top hat—piemen, dustmen, sweeps, shopkeepers, city men, beggar men, and thieves. We must not forget, too, that when Sir Robert Peel introduced his policemen they all wore glazed top hats and rude little street boys would call after them, " here comes a peeler, with a shiny top hat."

With top hats to the right of him, to the left of him, and, in fact, all around him, it is not to be wondered at that our Mr. Dickens would naturally wish his characters to wear distinctive ones.

Pickwick, for example, or I should say Mr. Pickwick, wore a hat that was but half a top hat. The hat featured by Phiz undoubtedly fitted the character. I cut out a black top hat in tissue paper, and fitted it to a picture of Mr. Pickwick. I did not like it.

Sam Weller wore an old white hat, carelessly thrown on one side of his head. I had an argument some years ago with a prominent librarian, and decided that here we have an answer to that age old question, " Who stole the Donkey ? "

Quilp's hat was ugly. Was it new when he bought it, or was it thrown up by the tide on to his wharf ? One thing brings up another as the Channel Passenger remarked, and that might well be credited to Sam Weller ; we are reminded of the catch phrases of Dickens's days ; " What a shocking bad Hat," a street slogan of about the year 1860 or thereabouts. I believe that *pot* hat was the term used years ago, for the hat was very tall and straight. The lower type with the curly brim and shaped sides was a popular fashion after the production of " Gentleman Joe the Hansom Cabby," in the year 1895, or it might be 1896 ; introduced by Arthur Roberts. He also made popular a melton covert coat with large pearl buttons ; it became all the rage with the young bloods of the day. I recall one dashing young blood who rather fancied himself in one. Happy days.

Mr. John Dawkin's top hat did not fit him ; it was too large. Were it too small, I should not have liked it. Strange. The drawing by Phiz portraying little David, with tattered hat in hand, standing before his Aunt at Dover, makes me sad, so let that one pass. Montague Tigg wore a top hat so old that it was hard to distinguish whether it was originally black or white.

Mr. Grimwig's was a broad-brimmed white hat, with the sides turned up with green. Neat, but not gaudy as the saying is.

Bill Sikes wore a white hat, slightly soiled, otherwise in wearable condition as an auctioneer might describe it ; and I'll wager that it never saw the inside of Lincoln & Bennetts establishment for blocking or renovation whilst in the owner's possession. Although the title refers to black hats, I feel bound to introduce notorious *white* hats.

I must assume that the glazed hat of Captain Cuttle may be included in my category of top hats. And could hats but speak, what adventurous evenings and happenings with Jack Bunsby (christened John) would be related. Consider, too, the ignominy suffered at the hands of Mrs. MacStinger. On the occasion of the visit of Florence to No. 9 Brig Place, Mrs. MacStinger had a fit of cleaning on and had hidden the Captain's hat. After a short interval, and I believe she was somewhat fearful of Susan Nipper, a most remarkable phenomenon occurred, the door opening without any note of preparation, and apparently of itself, the hard glazed hat in question skimmed into the room like a bird and alighted heavily at the Captain's feet. As Miss Miggs might say : "Oh, goodness gracious, Mim, what sacrilege."

Mr. Guppy sported a top hat on his visit to Mr. Boythorn, a visit which preceded a momentous interview with Esther, for whose especial benefit the shiny top hat had been donned ; in perfect harmony with his glossy suit of clothes, lilac kid gloves, a large hothouse flower in button-hole, and a thick gold ring on his finger. All worn, as after events testified, without prejudice. Young Smallweed, under fifteen when we first make his acquaintance, might be perceived from a considerable distance by means of his very tall hat. Mr. Jobling's top hat presents on the rim a peculiar appearance of a glistening nature, as if it had been a favourite snail parade, for which the market gardens of Deptford were obviously to blame. Mr. Bullamy a porter in Tigg Montague's Assurance Co., owned a glazed top hat, thus rendering it impossible to doubt the respectability of the concern. Mr. Pecksniff undoubtedly wore a moral top hat, fittingly surmounting a moral white cravat covering a moral throat, and although not especially mentioned, carrying a moral pocket-handkerchief in his breast pocket. Mr. Turveydrop had a hat of great size and weight, shelving down from the crown to the brim, which he carried under his arm.

Dear old Joe Gargery's hat is funny, but pathetic withal ; we know that Joe did not feel happy in it on his visit to Pip's rooms, anticipatory of "larx," but wore it to honour and perchance please that selfish little snob. I regret to interpolate any unpleasant remark in

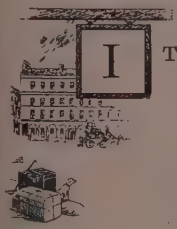
what I hoped would be a happy and good-natured article, but, Pip, I hate you.

In Victorian days the top hat undoubtedly played an important part when paying addresses to the Lady of one's heart. You will remember Young John leaving Horsemonger Lane one Sunday morning. He was arrayed, or as Mr. Dickens so kindly puts it, neatly attired, in a plum-coloured coat, with as large a collar of black velvet as his figure could carry; a silken waistcoat bedecked with golden sprigs; a chaste neckerchief much in vogue at that day, representing a preserve of lilac pheasants on a buff ground; pantaloons so highly decorated with side stripes that each leg was a three-stringed lute; the whole surmounted, as the College of Heralds might say, by a hat of state.

Thus attired went Young John to meet his Waterloo at the Iron Bridge, Southwark. Alas.

It will be noted that the foregoing dissertation on Top Hats has not been written in chronological order, but jotted down as the characters appeared in my thoughts; therefore, I am prepared for a discerning reader to remove his symbolical top hat, clap it over the gay little fluttering butterfly Me, ejaculating, "Check," and writing to the Editor, pointing out the omissions in top hats. My reply to that is, "I regret my unwitting faults; the correspondence is now closed." Check Mate.

THE ORIGINAL OF QUILP?



BY T. STURGE COTTERELL

IT is well known that Charles Dickens never missed an opportunity wherever he went of seeking for and recording names which were singular and curious, and which in due time would fit the characters in his novels. These he found in many a city, town and village. His keeness of vision was unsurpassed, queer persons and queer talk were all noted down by him.

In the early nineteenth century there were a good number of queer people in Bath, described to me by those who lived at that period. One could hardly imagine that a Quilp, that most undesirable person in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, should have his counterpart in so polite a city. Yet I have not heard of any claim put forward as to his prototype from any other place. Therefore, I put forth a claim that the original Quilp was discovered by Dickens in Bath, and this is my evidence.

In the year 1842 Charles Dickens was the guest of Walter Savage Landor at his house in 35 St. James Square, Bath. Dickens was fulfilling a promise that he would never fail to visit him on his (Landor's) birthday, which promise he kept until Landor departed for Italy, where he died.

Bath was not unknown to him for since 1835 he had been in this city on several occasions. He had wandered alone through its streets, weighing and measuring the fashions of the place, not neglecting the less known thoroughfares, which often revealed to him a singular character or a peculiar name, some of which appeared in *The Pickwick Papers*.

In January, 1840, when *The Old Curiosity Shop* was about to commence, the two met. Dickens, the young author who had already

risen to fame, and Landor, years older of quite a different temperament, upon whom all the distinguished literary visitors to Bath never failed to call. A strong friendship grew up between them and visits and correspondence were maintained to the last.

Landor naturally had many friends in Bath, my grandfather knew him well and a family living near, named Paynter, were his special friends, the daughter of the house, Rose Paynter, particularly so. It was when Rose Paynter had become Lady Graves Saule that I made

"Donkey Prior," Victoria Park, Bath

by I. R. J. Brown. Presented to the Dickens House by the writer.

her acquaintance. She was then well over 70 years of age and it was in 1884 that I was invited by her to hear at first hand all she had to say about Dickens and Landor in Bath. During a long and interesting interview she related to me that on two occasions she took Charles Dickens round Bath and into the Victoria Park, there to see a frightful dwarf who, near the monument, kept donkeys for children to ride round the park. The frightful looking dwarf was known locally as Donkey Prior, and whose temper was as ugly as his person. He always carried a great stick, with which he belaboured impartially, so she said, his donkeys and his wife.

So objectionable was he at times that the Park Authorities expelled him from the main road into a side lane. Other people who knew him have confirmed this description. He was not only ugly, but lame with a deformed foot, so that he limped as he walked.

Lady Graves Saule assured me that Dickens was so impressed with this character and his figure that it gave him the inspiration for Quilp.

BETTY

By T. W. HILL

DICKENS had, for a non-medical man, an extraordinary knowledge of diseases and symptons, and his descriptions of illnesses are usually very accurate, and have been commented upon by medical authorities in medical journals and Hospital magazines, as well as in pamphlets and essays.

The illness of the Honourable Mrs. Skewton, the murderous attacks on Mrs. Gargery and on Eugene Wrayburn, the gradual decline of Smike, the illness of Oliver Twist, and the account of Esther Summerson's attack of smallpox, are only a few instances of Dickens's accuracy of observation.

At my request, some time ago, Lieut.-Colonel W. M. H. Spiller, R.A.M.C., carefully examined the cause of the deaths of William and Frederick Dorrit and his comments are embodied in a note to *Little Dorrit* in *The Dickensian*, 1946, page 86. Recently I asked Lt.-Col. Spiller if he would look into the case of Betty Higden in *Our Mutual Friend* and the following account is based on his conclusions.

Betty is described as a widow who must have been at least seventy-five years of age ("old enough to be John Harman's grandmother twice over"), having survived all her grandchildren and her great-grandchild, Johnny. Of her personal history, we are told that she had been nimble as a girl, was active and of strong constitution, able to cover on foot twenty miles a day if necessary, had worked in market-gardens and among hop-pickers, and, after her flight, had done a lot of walking daily. She was strong-willed and resolute with a deep-seated objection, all her life, to the acceptance of charity in any form, public or private. Above all, she had a deadly fear, which amounted almost to a monomania that she might end her days in the Workhouse. To avoid this catastrophe she determined not only to work to the end, but had also managed to save enough money to pay for her own funeral.

To support herself she took in mangling, in which she was assisted by Sloppy, an illegitimate boy whom she had adopted from the Poor-house, and also kept a "Minding School," taking care of a few children ("minders") in the day time, for which her charge was fourpence per head per week. She had need to be self-reliant as she had many worries, including many losses in her family by death. Quite recently she had lost her last remaining relative, Johnny, who apparently died in hospital ("too late") from broncho-pneumonia, following an infective febrile complaint with "spots," probably measles.

Of Betty's medical history, there is no record of any acute illness at any time, no record of any accident, and no mention of alcohol in any form. The only sympton is in her later years, an occasional "deadness" and "numbness of thought and sense." These are, in spite of Betty's acknowledged robust stamina, the "warnings" that often accompany advancing years, and as time goes on the attacks of "numbness" become more frequent and last longer. On two occasions she fainted and lost consciousness, although a market woman told her the fainting was not accompanied by any convulsive spasms ("it ain't that you've been a-struggling"). She also complained (that would not be the word she would use) of her head being a bit light and her feet heavy. After this attack this old lady of indomitable will insisted that she was fit to walk to London, although she was quite aware that she was weaker than heretofore and that her course was nearly run. She finally collapsed and died near her old home.

There is no ground for thinking that Betty suffered from any disease beyond the degenerative changes in the whole system that occur in

old age. Most very elderly people know that they are occasionally subject to attacks of giddiness after stooping, attacks of "fog-asleep" or "pins and needles" in fingers or arms, shortness of breath after climbing stairs or slopes, and so on. These symptoms are due to changes in the circulatory system: arteries lose their elasticity and their coats thicken, and this retards the blood-stream, causing anaemia of the tissues and giving rise to giddiness, confusion of mind, forgetfulness, etc. Old age is responsible for all this, even in those who have lived "a godly, righteous and sober life." In Berry's case it was doubtless accelerated by exposure to all weathers and to her physical struggles of the final weeks of her life. Had she accepted the offer of the Bolams there is no reason why she should not have lived for many more years.

So the causes of Berry's death may be summed up as is: Primary, senile decay: and (b) Secondary, cardiac failure. Berry was apparently unaware of the following golden rules for old people, no matter how hearty:

(a) Grow old with discretion.
(b) Avoid unnecessary exertion and strain.
(c) Do not demand too much from the old machine: remember it has been working incessantly for over seventy years: and
(d) Avoid all worry and cause of worry—if you can.

DICKENS ON DISCS

BY ULYSSES WALSH

THE first phonograph, using cylindrical records made of tinfoil, was invented by Thomas A. Edison in 1877, seven years after the death of Dickens. As far as I know, the novelist wrote nothing to indicate that he foresaw the possibility of music or human speech being recorded and preserved for posterity. Not even Gabriel Grub in the goblins' cavern received an advance view of such a miracle.

This is a necessarily brief and incomplete consideration of the part that excerpts from Dickens and songs mentioned in his books have taken in augmenting the recorded repertoire since the days when records first became available for home entertainment. I shall not attempt to give serial numbers of the records, most of which have long since been unobtainable. My list cannot even pretend to completeness in its consideration of current recordings, since I have not had English catalogues in recent years and some "Dickensiana" may have been cut into wax without coming to my attention, but I trust that the following remarks will be of general interest.

Even in the early days of general home use of the phonograph and gramophone, about 40 years ago, an occasional Dickensian record was issued. Mr. Bransby Williams was the first entertainer, I believe, who adapted the works of Dickens to the phonograph's two-minute wax cylinders and the slightly longer disc gramophone records. He recorded for virtually all the pioneer British manufacturers—Edison, Edison Bell, H.M.V., Zonophone, Columbia, and others. His recording activities probably had begun as early as 1903 and probably have not been completed yet.

Unfortunately, I have never heard any of Mr. Williams's records, but the titles of those I have seen catalogued indicate that he took typical passages from the books, centred around the personality of an outstanding character, such as "Scrooge," "Grandfather Smallweed," and "Tony Weller."

Another theatrical artiste who occasionally adapted the works of Dickens for recording purposes was Albert Whelan. In 1926 Mr. Whelan recorded "The Death of Little Nell" for the long defunct

Russell Hunting Record Company, which made "Sterling" cylinders that were popular in England for several years. I believe he also made a record about "Little Em'ly."

The Pathé Company for some years published a record of excerpts from *David Copperfield* and *Oliver Twist*, by Mortimer Kaphan. The two sides were titled "Wilkins Micawber" and "Fagin."

Outstanding in the comparatively little attention given to Dickens by American phonograph companies (the gramophone is always known in the United States by the name of phonograph, a term used only in England to refer to the obsolete cylinder instruments), was a series of records by William Sterling Battis, a distinguished elocutionist. Mr. Battis's work first appeared in 1916 in the lists of the old Victor Talking Machine Company, with which "His Master's Voice" was affiliated, and new records by him were issued for a few years afterwards. He made a condensed version of the *Christmas Carol* as well as other discs in which the peculiarities of Mr. Micawber, Uriah Heep and other Dickens characters were portrayed.

Of recent years, several American companies have issued album sets of the *Christmas Carol* by noted actors such as Ronald Colman. Late in 1944, the Decca Company in the United States published "Mr. Pickwick's Christmas," an album of records that no doubt is greatly relished by those who are fond of the mannerisms of Charles Laughton.

In 1915 the Victor Company issued a record of "The Ivy Green," sung by Reinald Werrenrath, distinguished American concert and operatic baritone. The words, which first came to attention when they were recited by the gentle old clergyman at Dingley Dell, were set to a melody by Beethoven.

Mr. Werrenrath also sang in a record with a Dickens title, issued by Victor in 1913. The song was "The Cricket on the Hearth," which was a success in Victor Herbert's operetta, "Sweethearts." Christie McDonald, star of the production, sang with Werrenrath. The words were written by Harry B. Smith, the well-known writer on Dickensian subjects.

A year or so ago, while visiting in the small town of South Boston, Virginia, I found, while looking for old records, one made by the formerly famous Brunswick company, with the title, "Little Nell." Suspecting that it might have something to do with *The Old Curiosity Shop*, I bought it. The song proved to be a recording by two blind *hill-billy* artists, Lester MacFarland and Robert Gardner, of Knoxville, Tennessee, which told the story of the old grandfather. I imagine this was the song popular a hundred years ago when, as William Dean Howells said, "a whole generation used to fall sobbing at the name of Little Nell," and was preserved in hand-me-down form after making its way into the mountains of the Southern States.

On the other hand, there is a possibility that it is a composition of the same name written in the 1890's by the late Arthur Pryor, famous American bandmaster. I know that Pryor wrote a song called *Little Nell*, but have never heard it and cannot say whether its melody is the same as that of the one recorded by the blind Tennessee musicians. From what I know of Pryor, I question that he would set music to words of the "sob-stuff" genre into which the "Little Nell" I discovered certainly falls. Some extremely affecting "tear-jerkers," as vaudeville performers called them, certainly were written in the '90's, but the words of the record I have sound more like an effusion of the '40's.

After *Dombey and Son* appeared with the account of Little Paul's death, somebody was inspired to write a dirge-like song called "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" which echoed the dying child's inquiry, but I believe it has never been recorded.

Turning now to songs mentioned in Dickens's books, I lack both the time to make a complete survey and the space in which to publish an account of any exhaustive findings. Here, however, are a few rather random notes:

One of Dickens's favourite songs appears to have been Davy's "Bay of Biscay," judging from the number of times the novelist mentions it. It was familiar to Captain Cuttle, and when Mr. Pickwick attended that famous supper at Bob Sawyer's lodgings in Lant Street, Borough, the company obtained a striking and impressive effect while singing "The King, God Bless Him," because some of the gentlemen, led by Jack Hopkins, rendered it to the tune of "A Frog He Would a-Wooing Go," while others found the melody of "The Bay of Biscay" better adapted to their powers.

A few years ago I went with my friend, Albert R. Via, Jr., of South Boston, to the village of Clarksville, Virginia, looking for old records. We found a hundred or more stored away inside pieces of furniture in a second-hand store. When I pulled out a drawer full of records, the top disc was an extremely rare Victor of Harold Jarvis, a favourite American tenor of a generation ago, singing "The Bay of Biscay"—and extremely well he does it. I am proud of that record.

It may be remembered that in telling the seething David Copperfield of his "pure" love for Agnes Wickfield, Uriah Heep says that the song containing the words, "I'd crowns resign to call her mine," exactly sets forth his sentiments. The quotation is from "The Lass of Richmond Hill," which has never been entirely forgotten after being popular considerably more than a century ago. There used to be a Victor Red Seal record of it by the basso, Herbert Witherspoon, who at the time of his death was the manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York.

The merely vagrant street songs mentioned by Dickens had, of course, been mostly forgotten long before recorded music was developed, although I believe "Villikins and His Dinah" was recorded a decade or so ago by one of the British companies. "Away With Melancholy" is probably mentioned by Dickens as often as any other song. There used to be a Pathé record of it by one Charlie PenCaws who was, I suspect, the well-known "laughing comedian," Charles Penrose. I think "Over the Hills and Far Away" has been several times recorded, and the song Alfred Jingle sang to Rachel Wardle:

> "In hurry, post-haste, for a license;
> In hurry, ding dong, I come back—"

has been included in excerpts from Gay's "Beggar's Opera."

Of course, such long-established numbers as "Auld Lang Syne," quoted by Mr. Wegg in *Our Mutual Friend* to Mr. Boffin, and which David Copperfield and the Micawber family sang together, being most affected by the reference to taking "a right good willy-waught," when they had no idea what it meant, and "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," have been recorded any number of times, often by some of the most famous singers of their time. So has "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen" and other Christmas carols.

While I am on the subject of songs mentioned by Dickens, I should like to correct an error made by the late Mr. J. W. T. Ley in the Spring, 1932, issue of *The Dickensian*, since I do not believe attention has been previously called to it. Mr. Ley said that one of the songs introduced in Moncrieff's production, "Sam Weller: or The Pickwickians," in July, 1837, was "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching." This song was not written until after the American Civil War had begun in 1861 and had the sub-title, "The Prisoner's Lament," and clearly could not have been used a quarter of a century earlier. The

composer was Dr. George Frederick Root, who wrote some of the most famous American songs of Civil War days.

In conclusion, I find myself wishing that it were possible to invent an instrument that could record sounds made in a legendary past, the voices, for instance, of purely imaginary men and women, such as those who live in the pages of our favourite author. In that case we might have the joy of listening to Mrs. Micawber's rendition of "Little Tafflin," which won the heart of the immortal Wilkins; John Edward Nandy favouring the Plornish family with some of his piping performances; Caleb Plummer singing about the "the sparkling bowl" to blind Bertha; "Little Swills" warbling "Listen Tew to the Waterfall" at the Sol's Arms; Silas Wegg dropping into poetry for the benefit of Nicodemus and Henrietty Boffin, and the small boy wheezing "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen" through Scrooge's keyhole. This record would be particularly enjoyable if Mr. Scrooge's spontaneous and unrehearsed remarks to the youngster were included.

For a really choice recording, however, I think I should like to have the concerted number sung by Pip's relations and friends on the night after he was apprenticed to Joe Gargery. The song was "O Lady Fair" (written, I believe, by Thomas Moore) and, in Pip's own words: "They were all in excellent spirits on the road home, and sang O Lady Fair! Mr. Wopsle taking the bass, and asserting with a tremendously strong voice (in reply to the inquisitive bore who leads that piece of music in a most impertinent manner, by wanting to know all about everybody's private affairs) that *he* was the man with his white locks flowing, and that he was upon the whole the weakest pilgrim going."

This might be preceded by the scene at the inn when, "rather late in the evening Mr. Wopsle gave us Collins' ode, and threw his bloodstain'd sword in thunder down, with such effect that a waiter came in and said, "The Commercials underneath sent up their compliments, and it wasn't the Tumblers' Arms." The "commercials" extemporaneous remarks by all means should be recorded, too.

I imagine, though, that if most good Dickensians were asked what recordings of this kind they would prefer, they would ask for one by the Master himself, as he thrilled thousands of listeners with his inimitable public performances of the Death of Nancy, the Trial Scene from Pickwick or the Regeneration of Scrooge. Such a record would indeed be a treasure.

ERRATUM.—On p. 173 of the last issue I made a reference to "Thomas Carr Beard, the novelist's medical attendant." I should, of course, have written Francis Carr Beard.—EDITOR.

CONTEMPORARY VIEWS OF DICKENS

CONTRIBUTED BY WM. MILLER

I

LITERARY "LIONS"—CHARLES DICKENS

WE have for long likened the appearance of Charles Dickens in our prose literature to the appearance of Charles Churchill in the poetic literature of this country. Mr. Dickens came forth like a comet, unforetold by Halley or by Newton ; Charles Churchill did the same. All was talk, wonderment, and surprise. Who was he ? What is he ? was the common cry. Where has he learnt all this ? Young he is by all accounts, yet what observation, what force of character and description, in two words only—*what power*. This is not the cry when *The Rosciad* appeared. Who wrote *The Rosciad* ? Who is Charles Churchill ? The cry was Churchill then as it was Dickens in our own time. Sir John Denham came out, like the Irish Rebellion, 30,000 strong, and Byron went to bed unknown and rose famous. The Absalom and Achitophel of Dryden made a stir and a ferment, of which Dr. Johnson has perpetuated the impression its appearance had left upon his father. Our sons and grandsons will have to tell the stir and talk made by Boz and Pickwick.

The history of our literature exhibits a number of ephemeral impressions made by men whose art allowed them to do no more than make a happy hit for a single season : a kind of mushroom or Vauxhall existence, a rocket for a moment, and a stick for ever after. We refer to the Settles, the Darwins, and the Macneils of English literature. Writers like Charles Dickens and Charles Churchill have written for all ages.

Many of our men of genius admitted Mr. Dickens to the temple of fame unhesitatingly at once. Others shook their heads, standing out as Hazlitt did with the Waverley Novels, refusing to read what Mr. Dickens had written, till they were obliged to do so, as it were, in self-defence. Hazlitt has remarked that he could not join a common or polite conversation without having read the all-wonderful Waverley Novels. He knew not when to laugh in the right place, or how to keep his countenance at all ; so that he at last read and at length admired. Mr. Dickens took the temple of fame by storm, pushed some pretender from his pedestal, and erected his own statue in a stately niche. Men of genius nodded approbation, and the boy-wonder stood in the same row with Fielding and Smollet, and over against the full-length figure of William Hogarth.

When Garrick came out at Goodman's Fields (the place of his first London appearance), the criticisms were at once various and conflicting, Colley Cibber did more than smile at his pretensions, and

> Reputation bled at every word.

Pope, however, applauded, and the great Duke of Argyle declared with an oath that Betterton was at last outdone. Horace Walpole sneered, and Gray inquiringly asked in what the wonderment consisted. Still the rage was Garrick, and the carriages of our nobility rolled through Aldgate to the East, where their chariot wheels and faces had never been before.

Sir Walter Scott died in 1832, and Dickens appeared in 1833. Those who love to trace the descent of genius, will be pleased with this curious coincidence in point of time, which we offer to Mr. Dickens's admirers in lieu of the old joke—that Scott wrote *well*, but Dickens he wrote *Weller*. Some of his first efforts, his *Sketches by Boz*, were written for the old "Monthly Magazine." We recollect falling in with a stray sheet of

this magazine, three or four days after its publication, for it became waste paper, so sickly was its then existence the day after it was out. We were all ears and eyes, merriment and pleasure, though the writer's name was more unknown to us then the real original of Junius. From the pages of the "Monthly Magazine" his labours were transferred to the columns of the "Morning Chronicle." Here they had a wide circulation, and the name of "Boz" was known—

Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound.

They were immediately collected by Macrone, and illustrated by Cruikshank. The demand was unprecedented; and the supply at first was not equal to the demand. We recollect a dowager countess calling at Macrone's in St. James's Square for a copy of the work. He had sold the last, and the new edition would not be ready before to-morrow. The countess, all impatient, begged for the loan of the two volumes. He had sold his own. She would look in the shop, she said, for herself, and actually left her carriage to rummage for a copy. The search was ineffectual, and the noble lady drove off really offended with the young and handsome publisher.

He had not as yet taken the people; but the "Pickwick Papers," his next publication, completed that triumph. Not much was expected from the first number, and Mr. Macrone, it is said, had more than foretold its future. With the third and fourth number it rose into reputation, and Macrone willingly admitted the incorrectness of his conclusion. Our morning and evening papers abounded in paragraphs from Pickwick, and Sam Weller became more the idol of the people than the great Lord Essex, Jack Wilks, Sir Francis Burkitt, or Lord George Gordon.

It was in this the heyday of his rising reputation that we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Dickens for the first time. His appearance is prepossessing; his figure small, but well made; his look intelligent, and his eyes peculiarly expressive. He seemed scanning you, not obtrusively, but unobservedly, from head to foot. As he entered, there was no cry like that of *Pope, Pope*—the cry described by St. Joshua Reynolds as hailing the appearance of that illustrious poet. There was a whisper of "Dickens is here; here is Dickens" in a concealed kind of under-breath—confidentially telling what each wished to know. In a mixed party, stupid people abound, and some were there that night who expected he would talk the next number of Pickwick, or create a new Sam Weller for the amusement of the party. There was quite a *buzz* about Boz, and modest as we *then* were, we were content that night with *seeing* Dickens—retiring to another room in expectation of some other and early occasion of forming his acquaintance. This we have since done, and we believe we have both his goodwill and his good wishes.

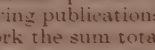
To our thinking, "Boz" has never outdone or equalled his Sam Weller—that happy creation of a fine and fertile observation, so unmistakeably true to human nature. Sam needs no letter of introduction to our sympathies; he is just as welcome for the period of his existence as Falstaff, Uncle Toby, or Paul Jones.

The critics who call Hogarth a comic painter call Mr. Dickens a comic writer. The description is incorrect in both cases. Hogarth and Dickens are painful moralists—men that prove human nature to the quick-healing satirists that unveil vice and effect a moral good. Mr. Dickens has been a benefactor to his species—he has smoothed the brow of pain, the face of sorrow, and lent a balsam to the bed of death. This is praise sufficient for life. Yet he has done more. He has enlarged our public sympathies, calling attention to the neglected bastard and to the penniless poor—to those thin-dieted asylums, called cheap schools—and those real prisons, our union workhouses.

It is our firm conviction that Mr. Dickens will yet write better books than he has already written. But he must give himself more time, and not allow an impatient public to draw books from him, as they would draw bills at thirty days' date. The system of monthly publications is an evil of no small magnitude; in your second chapter you must be true to your first, so that consistency of story is too often gained at the expense of other excellences. Many a time an author would be glad to reconsider and re-arrange; he can alter his own manuscript, but the June number of his publication can receive no amendment in July. We ourselves dislike extremely this kind of monthly excitement, and the *to be continued* so often appended to some wholesome-enough paper in our magazines, reminds us unpleasantly enough of the *to be taken every two hours* so often found appended to the neck of a doctor's bottle. Instead of *obeying* the spirit of his age, Mr. Dickens should direct it. His pathos, like his humour, is of no ordinary kind; he has high descriptive powers, and wants no more of the public than the public to give him time.

His house in Devonshire Terrace recalls to our mind many pleasing passages in Mr. Roger's delightful "Epistle to a Friend." The pencils of Wilkie and Maclise have been employed to adorn his walls; his library is extensive, and each corner reveals a taste of no common or every-day description. Parents prefer too often their lame to their more perfect off-spring; authors profess to feel a stronger liking for their still-born than their living publications; but Mr. Dickens has modestly called his own best work the sum total of the subscription he has been the means of raising for the orphan family of the late Mr. Elton.

(From "The Pictorial Times," April 20th, 1844.)



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(WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL)

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FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

LYTTON

"If the tale of Robert Lytton's endeavours in poetry, which Mrs. Harlan has been enabled to tell with great advantage from access to the family papers, is a tale altogether of unfulfilment, one thing at least in his prose writings commands the same description. Mrs. Harlan records that Lytton in 1869 wrote 'a murder mystery, "The Disappearance of John Ackland,"' which Dickens accepted as a serial for *All the Year Round*; but Dickens soon decided to cut it short, on the ground that the main part had been done before, probably in 'Chambers's Journal.' 'John Ackland' came and went, then, in a boldly curtailed shape, and Lytton's full version is untraced. But it was noticed by J. Cuming Walters in 1906 that *Edwin Drood*, begun by Dickens in the summer of 1869, resembles 'John Ackland' in the outline of the plot. From these and other circumstances several questions arise, such as Walters asked in his book on 'Edwin Drood' in 1912; but what is certain is that Lytton's story was, in Dickens's words, 'wound up . . . as expeditiously as possible.' Had Forster, who forwarded the manuscript, nothing to say on this drastic dehydration?"—Review, unsigned, of A. B. Harlan's "Owen Meredith: a critical biography of Robert, First Earl of Lytton" (London, Cumberlege) which appeared in the "Times Literary Supplement" for August 3rd, 1946. The suggestion was refuted in a letter which appeared in the same journal on August 17th, 1946:—

I should be sorry to see that Mrs. Harlan in her "Owen Meredith" (reviewed in your issue of August 3rd) has revived Mr. Cuming Walters's suggestion that Dickens behaved very ambiguously in the matter of Robert Lytton's story, "The Disappearance of John Ackland," except that it gives me the opportunity to discredit the suggestion with a greater publicity than I was able to secure for it in "Notes and Queries," March 11th and April 8th, 1944, over a pseudonym.

Because Dickens had been assured by a correspondent that the story had been told before—it was thought in "Chambers's Journal"—he wrote to Robert Lytton on October 1st, 1869, to say that he would "wind the story up (which I have done to-day) as expeditiously as possible." He had already published four chapters of the story in two numbers of *All The Year Round*, and the remainder of the thirteen promised chapters duly appeared as Chapters V to XIII in the issues of October 2nd, 9th and 16th. So that when Dickens wrote of "winding the story up (which I have done to-day) as expeditiously as possible" he meant just this, that Chapters V-VIII would appear in the current issue, that Chapter IX would appear the following week, and the last four chapters the week after that. There was the expedition. Conceivably each of the chapters may have been shortened: they do not read as though they had been. "The Disappearance of John Ackland" had been announced in the beginning as "A True Story. In thirteen chapters," and it was printed in thirteen chapters. When Mr. Walters represented Dickens as explaining why he could not "continue" the story as originally projected, and as "stopping" the story, he was writing inaccurately, and he has misled Mrs. Harlan into believing that the story as printed was "boldly curtailed."

Mr. Walters says that Robert Lytton's story was of a man mysteriously murdered by *his closest friend*, the corpse ultimately discovered in an ice-house, and the identity established by means of a watch. And Mr. Walters was "bewildered" by the fact that Dickens, finding that the story had been "done before," wound up Lytton's story as expeditiously as possible and *six months later* began a similar one himself, *i.e.*, he began *Edwin Drood*. The italics are mine: the inaccuracies are Mr. Walters's. The American murderer was not his victim's closest friend. He was his debtor, and had just paid over the money he owed, and in a pretended friendly walk in a wood he shoots his creditor in the back, and recovers the money. He is traced by means of a watch taken off his victim's body. Is that the mystery of Edwin Drood with the mere substitutions of strangling for shooting, quicklime for an ice-house and a watch for a ring? Furthermore, Dickens had written to Forster in mid-July, 1869, of his "idea" of the story of

Edwin and Rosa (with no mention of Jasper). It was on September 2nd 1869, he accepted Lytton's story for publication. Are we to suppose that there never would have been a Jasper if there had not been an American debtor who shot his creditor ? FREDERICK PAGE.

* * * * *

THE TROLLOPES

" Isa herself was not favourably impressed by Tom's choice ; she knew of Fanny's [Ternan] literary ambitions ; no doubt Mr. Charles Dickens would find room in his columns for the sister of his protégée. Nor was Dickens enthusiastic over the match, although he wrote Tom a civil letter of congratulation. To a woman friend, he confided that he did not ' in the least care ' for Fanny, whom he judged, with evident misgivings, to be ' infinitely sharper than the serpent's tooth ' ; he cautioned his correspondent to ' make no reference to me which either [Fanny or Tom] can piece into anything.'

" In New York in April he learned that Charles Dickens was sailing for Liverpool after his exhausting series of readings in American cities. Anthony came aboard in the mail tender with just time to locate Dickens, shake hands, and dash off again before the ship got under way. ' It was most heartily done,' wrote the elder novelist."—" The Trollopes," by L. P. and R. P. Stebbins. (Secker & Warburg.)

* * * * *

OSCAR WILDE

" His favourite romantic reading as a child was his mother's translation of ' Sidonia the Sorceress,' but in his early 'teens he read the novels of Dickens, which he did not like, and those of Disraeli, which he did.

" His early lectures [in America] drew so many people that he had to give additional ones in all the larger cities. . . . People told him that there had been ' nothing like it since Dickens,' he wrote to a friend.

" Feeling that the situation could be eased by a friendly talk away from the theatre, Wilde invited himself to lunch at [Fred] Terry's flat, and, finding that the actor loved the characters of Dickens, talked about them in a most discerning and enthusiastic manner. Admiration for Dickens always melted Terry, who by this means was quickly won over to Wilde's conception of ' Gerald Arbuthnot ' and agreed to play the part exactly as he wished.

" ' Well, Mr. Wilde,' said Terry when the time came to separate, ' it's been a very great pleasure for me to find another person who is fond of Dickens.'

" ' Oh, my dear boy, I've never read a word of his in my life ! ' replied Wilde, who, having gained his point at the cost of an hour's undiluted Dickens, could not resist a final fling. He probably knew the novels of Dickens a good deal better than Terry did ; though the effects of *The Old Curiosity Shop* on most Victorian readers must have passed him by, for a comment he made on it would not have amused the average Dickensian : ' One must have a heart of stone to read the death of Little Nell without laughing.' "—" The Life of Oscar Wilde," by Hesketh Pearson. (Methuen.)

* * * * *

W. E. HENLEY

" For the bookshop of William Henley in Gloucester, 1849 was an epic year . . . the *pièce de résistance* of the spring season—and probably indeed of the whole generation—the first number of *David Copperfield* was announced for May Day. Safely launched, the Dickens serial rolled triumphantly down the months, growing in bulk and power and public estimation, until at its maturity it moved beyond time to the place of things perennial.

" Once when he had attended a reading by Dickens in a crowded assembly hall, he had so fastened his eyes upon the lecturer's hand that he carried with him for ever the image of a long white finger and a large flashing jewel. Dickens the man became to him one with Dickens's own creations, one with Pickwick and Mrs. Gamp, one with Chuzzlewit and Sidney Carton ; he remained ' always an incarnation of generous and abounding gaiety, a type of beneficent earnestness, a great expression of intellectual vigour and emotional vivacity.'

" Every failure was more than compensated by a new success. Norman MacColl, editor of the ' Athenaeum,' declared the seven-column article on

Dickens a little masterpiece."—" William Ernest Henley," by J. H. Buckley. (Princeton Univ. Press, Milford.)

* * * * *

THE LAST OF THE WYANDOTS

" The last of the Ottawa of the Maumee had departed in 1839, and only the Wyandots remained in Ohio, living on their tract of 109,144 acres in Crawford County. Now in the midst of a populous community of whites, the Indians were suffering from the contact, and their neighbours were unremitting in their efforts to get them out of the country. Finally, on March 26th, 1840, Colonel John Johnston was appointed a commissioner to negotiate with the Wyandots. He had much influence with the Indians of this tribe and prevailed on a delegation to meet at Upper Sandusky, where on March 17th, 1842, he was successful in securing a treaty with Henry Jacques and other Wyandot chiefs.

" No less an observer than Charles Dickens was present a few days later to record what Johnston told him of the proceedings on that occasion. Dickens was travelling by stagecoach through Columbus and Tiffin from Cincinnati to Lake Erie, on his way to Niagara Falls. ' At length, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, a few feeble lights appeared in the distance, and Upper Sandusky, an Indian village where we were to stay till morning, lay before us. . . . It is a settlement of the Wyandot Indians who inhabit this place. Among the company at breakfast was a mild old man [John Johnston], who had been for many years employed by the United States Government in conducting negotiations with the Indians, and who had just concluded a treaty with these people by which they bound themselves, in consideration of a certain annual sum, to remove next year to some land provided for them, west of the Mississippi and a little way beyond St. Louis. He gave me a moving account of their strong attachment to the familiar scenes of their infancy, and in particular to the burial-places of their kindred ; and of their great reluctance to leave them. He had witnessed many such removals, and always with pain, though he knew that they departed for their own good. The question whether this tribe should go or stay, had been discussed between them a day or two before, in a hut erected for the purpose, the logs of which still lay upon the ground before the inn. When the speaking was done, the ayes and noes were ranged on opposite sides, and every male adult voted in his turn. The moment the result was known, the minority (a large one) cheerfully yielded to the rest, and withdrew all kind of opposition.' "—" The Last Trek of the Indians," by Grant Foreman. (Univ. of Chicago Press.)

* * * * *

" Dickens was a great humanitarian. He used the novel to further his convictions regarding the need for reform. Is that why he is still read ? He survives because of the vibrant life he was able to impart to that multitudinous gallery of characters. The nineteenth century was chock-a-block with novels of humanitarian purpose of which nobody remembers even the titles. They died because they had neither of the qualities that insure vitality to fiction—story and character."—" New York Times " Book Review, July 21st, 1946.

* * * * *

" The Tremont's [Tremont House Hotel] floor plan, beautifully adapted to its irregular and sloping site, was a model of simplicity and clarity, in spite of the assertion of the novelist Charles Dickens, who came to the hotel direct from an eighteen-day Atlantic crossing, that ' it had more galleries, colonnades, piazzas and passages than he could remember or the reader believe.' "—" Boston after Bulfinch, an Account of its Architecture;" by W. H. Kilham. (Harvard Univ. Press.)

* * * * *

" In 1837, when he [Francis Sylvester Mahony, ' Father Prout '] left England for five years of wandering over Europe and Asia Minor, he began to work for Charles Dickens on *Bentley's Miscellany* ; and, in 1847, he collected his letters as Roman correspondent for ' The Daily News ' under the title of ' Facts and Figures from Italy '."—" Irish Literary Figures," by W. J. Maguire. (Metropolitan Publ. Co., Dublin.)

* * * * *

" Dickens, in the name of humanity, attacked the classical economists, but

he fought social abuses as an individualist and as an individualist was welcomed by his age.

" In the middle years of the century protests on the part of authoritarian aristocrats like Sir Henry Maine and on the part of Defenders of the Poor, like Carlyle and Dickens, had been less heeded because of the fact of prosperity and the belief in automatic progress. In the later years of the century social philosophers themselves brought the conflicts into the open."—" England in the Eighteen-Eighties," by H. M. Lynd. (Oxford Univ. Press.)

* * * * *

" Somerset Maugham, when he recently presented to the Library of Congress the autographed manuscript of that fine novel " Of Human Bondage," took occasion to emphasize once more that the novelist's primary concern is with human nature. Not with ideas, not with causes, but with people . . .

" Dickens, of course, comes immediately to mind. If he had been first of all a reformer, his novels would have to-day no more than a purely historical and documentary interest. But Dickens's overmastering interest was in people ; whether or not he liked them all in actual life, he did when he was writing fiction, and because he was so absorbed in them, so sympathetic to them, they still exist for us, and still command our interest."—J. Donald Adams in the New York Times Book Review, May 19, 1946.

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" In 1849, Cobden proposed in the British Parliament that the Government should communicate with foreign Governments for the establishment of a system of arbitration throughout the world ; the motion was defeated, but its effect was great. The previous year, at the Universal Peace Congress at Brussels, a resolution was adopted asking Great Britain and the United States to lead the world in disarmament ; Dickens, almost alone among journalists, championed it in the London ' Daily News '."—" What they said at the time." by K. Freeman. (Muller.)

* * * * *

" It would not be difficult to trace the influence of the Bible on our literature throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. But a few further references from some great figures must suffice as witness to its abiding power. ' The New Testament,' said Charles Dickens, ' is the best book that ever was or will be known in the world,' and the amazing reforms in the interests of human betterment and happiness which his books stimulated are the expression in act of that belief."—" Introducing the Bible," by E. C. Woodley. (Dent.)

* * * * *

" The deliverance of Africa [from slavery] is to be effected by calling out her own resources . . . It is the Bible and the Plough that must regenerate Africa. ' The Times ' and the ' Edinburgh Review ' might scoff and Dickens deride the scheme in *Bleak House*, but Prince Albert, Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel, and Buxton were unflinching in their support."—" Christian History in the Making," by J. M. Campbell. (Church Assemble Press Board.)

* * * * *

" The conquest of India brought us cheap tea, and the yearly consumption of tea rose from 2 million lbs. per annum in 1750 to 20 million lbs. per annum. This new habit greatly disgusted William Cobbett, the author of ' Rural Rides.' It also disgusted Dickens. Mr. Weller, in *Pickwick Papers*, complains that a ' young 'ooman ' has drunk ' nine breakfast cups and a half ' and that ' she's a-swellin' wisibly before my wery eyes '."—" History of Britain in Modern Times, 1688-1939," by Christopher Hollis. (Hollis & Carter.)

* * * * *

NOTE.—In the selection of extracts which appeared in the September Number there was quoted a passage on Edgar Allan Poe, in which is repeated the statement that Dickens asked that author if he had dealings with the devil apropos of his forecasting the conclusion of *Barnaby Rudge*. We should have there recorded that Mr. Leo Mason dealt with this matter very extensively in *The Dickensian* for 1943, p. 21.—Editor.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CRUIKSHANK AND PHIZ AS BOOK-ILLUSTRATORS

Some pertinent remarks are to be found in an article, unfamiliar nowadays, entitled "Book Illustrations," published in *All the Year Round*, on 10th August, 1867, page 151. The article is concerned chiefly with Gustave Doré's illustrations for *Don Quixote*, but the relevant passages are as follows :

"The Art of book-illustration is just now passing through a curious phase. When George Cruikshank or Hablôt Brown, two artists whose names are here associated solely for chronological reasons, had to make the illustrations to a work of fiction, it would seem to have been their practice to select as subjects all the most dramatic situations, whether of a comic or a tragic sort, which were treated of in the narrative. On the one hand, violent encounters, terrible accidents, exciting adventures, crises through which the characters described in the book were compelled to pass; on the other, situations characterised by their extreme absurdity, in which the persons represented were shewn in a ridiculous light, or exhibited under laughable circumstances – these were almost invariably the themes chosen for illustration. Their ambition appears to have been to put the more remarkable scenes, described by the author, before the reader's eyes, rather than to display their own artistic powers.

"But this principle has got to be now regarded as antiquated and obsolete. Our modern men appear to occupy themselves less with the thing to be done, than with the manner of doing it. Their ambition seems to be confined to the device of producing a beautiful work of art. The modern book illustrator, when a book is put into his hands, proposes to himself – judging by results – rather to produce a set of drawings which shall redound to his own credit, than to help the author, whose work he illustrates, to make himself understood. The consequence is that he ordinarily chooses those situations which are the tamest and least dramatic, because they fetter him less, and lend themselves more readily to his purpose of producing a complete and agreeable picture than those more stirring situations which both the author and the public would like to see illustrated.

"A large proportion of the drawings with which such works are embellished represent scenes wholly devoid of action or stir. Two or three people seated round a table partaking of a meal; a couple of young fellows chatting over their wine; a lady showing a picture-book to a little girl; lovers in pairs without end; single figures, also without end; young ladies reading love-letters or overwhelmed with some piece of ill news just received.

"It must be acknowledged at starting, that the execution of such drawings as are here spoken of, is, in many cases, well-nigh faultless. The figures are evidently drawn elaborately from nature. They are well placed, both as to attitude and as to their relative positions with regard to each other. Nor are the accessories neglected. If the scene represented takes place in a room the objects about the room are well copied; if a landscape be introduced, this also is well studied and is often a pretty picture in itself. Yet, admitting all this, at times one gets weary of these well executed nothings; these well-written tales without story; these harmonious symphonies destitute of tune . . . The power of making one laugh does not belong to many of our modern illustrators. The strong conviction that he must, above all things, be accurate —that his drawing must be correct, and the lines of his composition be agreeable—seems to repress his sense of fun, just as it subdues his capability of dealing with what is dramatic and stirring. Perhaps there is a certain incompatibility between the humourous and the accurate. It is certain that in this particular department of wood-engraving some of the most successful humourists have been inaccurate in their drawing and slight and unfinished. The drawings of Töpffer, of Thackeray, and often of Leech, may be given as instances strongly corroborative of this assertion. It is perhaps, too much to say that a drawing must be inaccurate and must be slight if it is to be funny; but it is certain that most of the funniest drawings with which we are acquainted are both slight and inaccurate."

The article was not, of course, written by Dickens, but would hardly have been inserted by the Conductor if the views expressed in it had been wildly at variance with his own; there was at the time, nothing to distract him from his editorial work, for the last reading of the Fifth Series was on Monday, May 13th, 1867, at the St. James's Hall.

W. Erlam Smith (Knysna, S.A.).

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Branch Secretaries are invited to submit 200-word reports for this page.

BROADSTAIRS

THE Broadstairs Branch lay quiescent during the war, which, in view of its geographical position, is not surprising, but within the past year two important dramatic adaptations have been made by Gladys Waterer (who did so much for the Broadstairs Dickens Festivals before the war), and both have been played by an enthusiastic and talented group of friends. The great success attained holds out much hope for the early resuscitation of this old and once very strong branch. The production of *A Christmas Carol* has already been noticed in these pages ; now follows *A Cricket on the Hearth*, which was given in Broadstairs and Margate during October. The production, which was very highly praised, was by Frank Taylor, who also played Caleb Plummer. Reports continue to reach us of the great success of this second venture. With such a record, others are certain to be demanded.

L.C.S.

BRISBANE

THROUGHOUT the war we have consistently maintained what we believe is a high standard, and our lectures, discussions and dramatic evenings were continued in the ordinary way, with a little falling off in the dramatic side because of the lack of artists. Usually the ladies predominated, and what one would expect when the Empire is in trouble from her foes. Dickens seems, if anything, more popular, and our meetings are now well attended, and we shall soon be in full swing once more. A factor which militated against us was accommodation. With the coming of the Americans (for which Australia should be ever grateful) the impressment of buildings by the Commonwealth for military and subsidiary purposes, we were driven from pillar to post, and at the moment we are in makeshift premises kindly let to us by the Queensland Women's Electoral League. We are not big enough to rent our own premises in the City, and have to rely on Social Organisations to let their premises for the nights we desire to hold meetings.

M. H. J.

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND

OUR branch this year has increased its membership, and its activities are marked by well-attended monthly meetings with interesting programmes. The methods of presenting these which was adopted last year and proved very successful, is being continued. Members working in pairs take turns in arranging and organizing the programmes, which include group-study circles, papers, readings, and dramatic sketches. A novelty introduced last year was the " Dickens Fellowship Brains Trust." Our final meeting last year was devoted entirely to a programme of Dramatic Sketches (in costume) by the Drama Committee. We usually celebrate Dickens's birthday by an outing on the hills or at the beach. Last February we held a picnic at Sumner Beach, which is one of Canterbury's most popular summer resorts. At present we are making arrangements to send food parcels to Dickensians in London.

MARINETTE, WIS.

CONGRATULATIONS to The Charles Dickens Club of Marinette, Wis., U.S.A., on the celebration of its jubilee. It was founded in November, 1896, and is therefore six years older than the Fellowship itself, but it is now an affiliated branch, and according to the elaborate souvenir programme for the jubilee season, is in a highly flourishing condition. May it remain so until it celebrates its centenary, and after.

L.C.S.

REDDITCH

THE membership of the branch has been kept at 70/80 during the war, and is now 90. In addition to readings of the book of the Session and *The Christmas Carol* held on the first Thursday in each month, we have Literary Meetings on the third Thursdays, with papers on various subjects. Bridge parties each week help to swell the " Charity Fund " from which we have distributed over £250 during the war, in addition to £119 raised by a special effort for the " Cancer Research Fund " and for a table for the X-ray room at the local hospital. At Christmas we give 60 old people a treat of some kind

either a party and entertainment (food coupons permitting) or in kind, generally coal, " by special permit " of the Fuel Controller. A. F. P.

TORONTO

The many friends of Dr. J. B. M. Armour, President of the Toronto Branch, will be sorry to learn that he has been seriously ill for some time. Nevertheless, his interest in the welfare of the Fellowship continues unabated. The whole of the programme for the forthcoming season was organized from his sick bed. May its success cheer him onwards to recovery and to his return to the society of his friends in the Fellowship who owe him so much.

R. L. D.

Congratulations and good wishes to the following newly elected Honorary Secretaries: Mrs. Roy B. Andrews of Chester, Pa., Miss A. E. Dalley of Littlebourne, Mrs. Gill of Redditch, Mr. Basil Bastow of Nottingham and Mrs. A. Warren Hamaker of Los Angeles. The thanks of the Fellowship as a whole are due to the retiring secretaries: Miss Florence Williams, Mrs. Duthoit (deceased), Mr. Alex F. Payne, Mr. J. Cawthorne and Miss Ernestine Wilson respectively.

* * * * *

A number of London Dickensians gratefully acknowledge the receipt of welcome additions to their rations in the shape of delightful food parcels sent by generous members of the Melbourne and Christchurch Branches. A truly Dickensian gesture.

OBITUARY

Arthur W. Arnup

The death of Mr. Arthur W. Arnup, President of the Victoria, B.C., Branch, in his eighty-seventh year removes a colourful and deeply respected Dickensian. There were few men better versed in the works of the great author, and who could at will summon to memory the least, as well as the greatest, of Dickens's immortal characters. It was his happy boast that, when a child, he had met Charles Dickens. The fellow feeling that seems to draw admirers of the great humanitarian novelist together insured to Mr. Arnup a legion of warm friends. His services were in demand at every Fellowship meeting, and there were few there who extracted so much visible enjoyment out of the proceedings as this kindly and gracious senior citizen, urbane and smiling in the evening of a fruitful life. Born in London, he went to Canada in 1907, worked as a newspaperman in Alberta and later was a Justice of the Peace there. The town of Arnupville in Northern Alberta is named after him.

G. H. H.

George Henry Boothman

By the death on August 26th, 1946, of Mr. G. H. Boothman, the Liverpool Branch has lost an outstanding personality. He was Hon. Secretary for ten years and President for two, and in recognition of his services was created a Life Member. His deep knowledge of the books of Dickens and his ability to supply an informative paper compelled admiration. He dramatized several works which were frequently performed by the Dramatic Society prior to the war, and on occasion acted in them. For many years Mr. Boothman also took a prominent part in the affairs of the Liverpool Parliamentary Debating Society, Literary and Philosophical Society, Council of Social Service, and the Gilbert and Sullivan Society. In his young days he was a keen athlete and an organizer of the Liverpool Gymnasium Harriers. His honesty and sincerity of purpose and his quiet persuasiveness, and above all his lovable character, will be missed in many circles.

E. M. H.

Mrs. Pearson Callum

In the death of Mrs. Pearson Callum, which took place at her residence on 29th August last after a short illness, the Edinburgh Branch of the Dickens Fellowship has sustained a very great and personal loss as Mrs. Pearson Callum was of a very friendly nature, and all who came in contact with her felt that they had made a friend. She was Secretary of the Branch for fifteen years, and on her retirement from the Secretaryship in 1938 was elected a Vice-President, which post she held until her passing. During her term as Secretary she organized a series of dramatic recitals based on Dickens's work, in

a number of which she was the author of the script. It was largely through her enthusiasm that the dramatic performances of the Fellowship were carried on for a number of years, and were instrumental in raising a considerable amount of money for charitable purposes. During the war years she was a strong supporter of the Branch Work Party, which was inaugurated at the outbreak of the war for the purpose of knitting "Comforts" for the Services. When I succeeded Mrs. Pearson Callum as Hon. Secretary, she was a pillar of strength to me, and in her passing the Fellowship has lost a very sincere friend. She was seldom absent either from the meetings or meetings of the Committee, and was at all times untiring in her efforts where the affairs of the Fellowship were concerned. K. H. J.

FRANCES JOLLY

WITH the passing of Frances Jolly we have lost a devoted Dickensian, a zealous, tireless worker in the interests of the Fellowship and a friend of all. A member for over twenty-seven years, Miss Jolly made the Dickens Fellowship her chief object in life, serving for a considerable period on the Executive Committee and Council, and as producer to the Dramatic section, giving to the latter the knowledge derived from her own experience on the stage, which dated from her early years when she played in Ellen Terry's Company, and her interest in the work of production continued up to the time of her last illness. During the war years, often in poor health and in spite of losing her home through enemy action, Miss Jolly's activities were unflagging, not only on behalf of Headquarters, but with equal enthusiasm for the Balham and St. Pancras Branches upon whose Committees she also served. That she has been denied seeing the full results of her labour is deeply regretted, but her infinite capacity for friendship and help, her happy personality and gentle disposition will remain an influence and a fragrant, evergreen memory.

J. E. B.

We also regret to record the passing of
Rev. F. Fleetwood Buss, grandson of R. W. Buss, one of the original illustrators of *Pickwick*. (Headquarters).
Mrs. Harrison (Lancaster),
Miss F. S. Walford (Headquarters).
Miss L. Wyman (Headquarters).

DICKENS FELLOWSHIP LONDON MEETINGS

DECEMBER.

Sat. 7—**At 2-30 p.m.**, Lecture: "Ten Wonderful Years," by **T. W. Hill.**
Chairman: **V. C. Clinton-Baddeley.**

Fri. 13—Dramatic performance of *A Christmas Carol* (see opposite).

JANUARY, 1947.

Sat. 18—Ramble, "Soho," to be conducted by **George F. Young.**
Meet outside "The Horseshoe," Tottenham Court Road at 2-30 p.m.

Wed. 29—Lecture, "The Film Production of *Nicholas Nickleby*," by **John Croydon,** Associate Producer, Ealing Studios, Ltd.
Chairman: **Leslie C. Staples.**

FEBRUARY.

Fri. 7—**BIRTHDAY DINNER AT THE HOLBORN RESTAURANT.**
Guest of the evening will be **The Rt. Hon. The Viscount Leverhulme.** Reception 7 o'clock. Dinner 7-30.
Chairman: The President, **Henry Charles Dickens, O.B.E.**
Tickets, strictly limited, 15/- each. Evening Dress.

Tues. 11—Lecture-Recital: "Dickens—Humorist and Humanist," by the **Rev. Geo. A. Parkinson.**
Silver Collection in aid of the National Children's Home and Orphanage.

Note.—Unless otherwise stated, meetings will be held in The Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, at 7-30 p.m. Doors open 7 p.m. Final details of all meetings will appear each quarter in *The Dickensian*.

Admission to lectures and rambles will be by membership card only Friends of members may be introduced at a cost of 2/6 each.

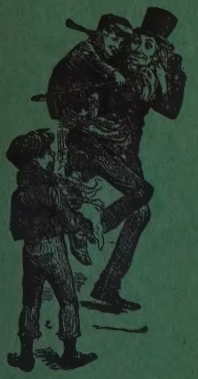
The Dickens Fellowship

presents

A DRAMATIC VERSION

By JANE BACON *of*

"A Christmas Carol"



BY

CHARLES DICKENS

ON

FRIDAY, 13th DECEMBER, 1946,

at 7-30 p.m.

AT

THE CONWAY HALL,

RED LION SQUARE, W.C. 1.

(nearest station - Holborn Tube).

The Play produced by

JANE BACON

in aid of

THE ENDOWMENT FUND OF THE DICKENS HOUSE

(WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL).

Capt. RICHARD C. D. SHUCKBURGH, M.C.,
a Grandson of the Novelist will act as Narrator.

Tickets, numbered and reserved, at

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